

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,209—Vol. XLVII.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

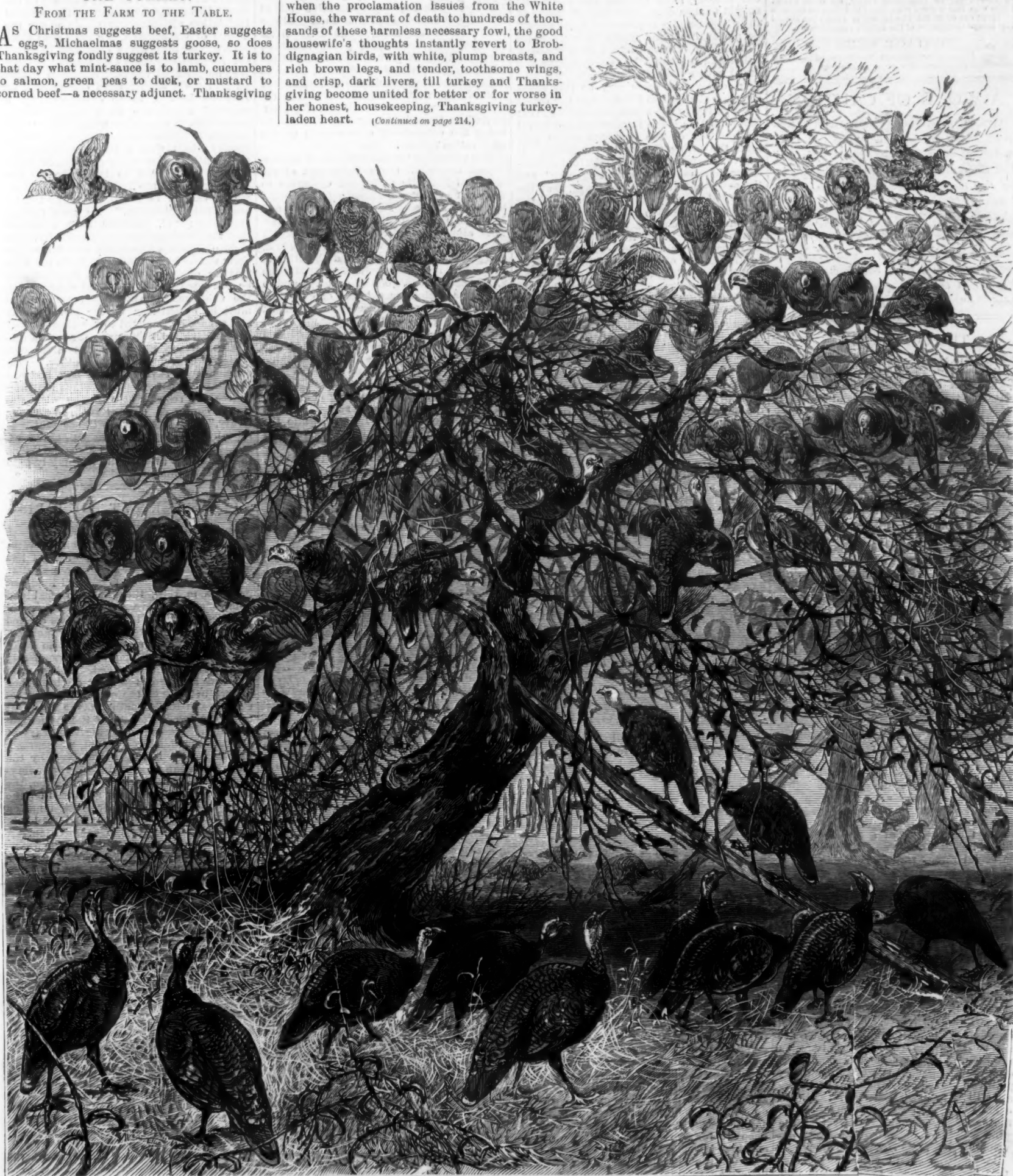
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THE TURKEY.

FROM THE FARM TO THE TABLE.

AS Christmas suggests beef, Easter suggests eggs, Michaelmas suggests goose, so does Thanksgiving fondly suggest its turkey. It is to that day what mint-sauce is to lamb, cucumbers to salmon, green peas to duck, or mustard to corned beef—a necessary adjunct. Thanksgiving

and turkey are almost synonymous terms, and when the proclamation issues from the White House, the warrant of death to hundreds of thousands of these harmless necessary fowl, the good housewife's thoughts instantly revert to Brobdiagnagian birds, with white, plump breasts, and rich brown legs, and tender, toothsome wings, and crisp, dark livers, till turkey and Thanksgiving become united for better or for worse in her honest, housekeeping, Thanksgiving turkey-laden heart. (Continued on page 214.)



NEW YORK.—PREPARING FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER—A ROOST ON A LARGE TURKEY FARM IN WASHINGTON HOLLOW, DIHESS COUNTY.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

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A WORD OF CAUTION.

Certain publications have recently been issued under the name of "Leslie & Co.," and others under that of "Frank Leslie, Jr." Lest the public should be deceived into the belief that these publications are issued by me, I hereby give notice that I have no connection whatever with them, and regard them as attempts to appropriate the use of my name.

The only publications with which I am connected are issued from 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, and bear my name in full at their head.

FRANK LESLIE.

THE SOLID SOUTH.

IT is plain that the law of action and reaction holds no less true in the moral than in the physical world. A few years ago the Republicans found that their ascendancy at the South was purchased by practices which tended not only to weaken their party in that section, but also to impair its hold on just-minded men at the North. No reader has forgotten that the present Republican Secretary of State was among the foremost to lend the weight of his influence and the persuasive eloquence of his voice to a denunciation of the "bayonet régime" by which the political complexion of the Legislature of Louisiana was determined in 1875. And who has forgotten that at one stage of his career in South Carolina, Governor Chamberlain did not scruple to say in a public letter, addressed to some Northern admirers of his belonging to the same political faith with himself, that "the civilization of the Puritan and of the Huguenot" were equally put in jeopardy by what he called the alliance of fraud and ignorance which had been effected in that State under the auspices of the Republican Party, and by which it sought to profit? We say the abuses by which "it sought to profit," for that there was no real profit in political advantages acquired at the expense of public morality and of public law was made abundantly plain by the final outcome of all the misgovernment to which certain of the reconstructed States were subjected for years. And the elasticity of a wholesome public sentiment has not yet been regained in those States, while the want of it still attests the presence of a moral coercion which hinders the free and natural play of the social forces which are organic in a well-ordered commonwealth.

But there are many signs which portend the ultimate break-up of "the Solid South," notwithstanding the compact and serried front which the Democratic phalanx presents to the eye of a superficial observer. The "solidity" of the South is not entirely the outgrowth of a spontaneous evolution. It is largely the creature of causes planted in the bosom of Southern society by the misrule from which that society has been but recently relieved under the administration of President Hayes. That many social disorders and political inequalities are still endemic in States like South Carolina and Louisiana and Mississippi we find it not difficult to believe. Downright denials of political rights to certain classes of voters are still of frequent occurrence. But it is equally true that the condition of these States is greatly improved, and that the processes of amelioration are every day developing still more satisfactory results.

It is a noteworthy and significant fact that the Republican managers would now seem as eager to find a ground of political appeal in the "solidity" of the South as the Democrats were once eager to make the

"misrule" of the South a ground of accusation against the Republican Party. And the fact is certainly a suggestive one to the leaders of the now dominant party in the Southern States. That shrewd political captain, the late Senator Morton, in giving in his reluctant adhesion to the policy of pacification espoused by President Hayes, was frank to avow that he did so only at the behest of an imperious necessity forced upon the Administration and the Republican Party by the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. But as an offset to "the Solid South" he invoked a solidification of Northern sentiment within the ranks of the Republican Party, or, as he phrased it, "a Solid North" was the natural and inevitable counterpoise of "the Solid South."

We cannot give our assent to any such doctrine as this, whether as preached at the South or the North. President Washington, in his Farewell Address to the people of the United States, has left a pregnant warning against the disposition to characterize parties by geographical discriminations; and recent events of most baleful import in our history have pointed the moral he sought to inculcate. The best interests of the whole country require that there should be neither "a Solid South" nor "a Solid North," but that the forces of a common political life should be equally active and fluent within the borders of both.

In order that there may be this equal diffusion of political life through the entire body politic of the South, it is evident that there must be some intellectual and moral assimilation of the elements which now form the voting classes in the South. It was for the want of this intellectual assimilation between "the carpet-baggers" and the newly-enfranchised freedmen, that the latter fell an easy prey to the arts of the former, while both combined to bring unutterable woes on the States which they misgoverned. It is for the want of this assimilation that "the color-line" still continues to divide the politics of the South, though it is undeniably true that the color-line marks a much less definite boundary between the white and black races at the South to-day, than five or even three years ago.

The politics of the South will never rest on a natural and normal basis until the black man and the white man learn to recognize, in community or difference of opinions, the true grounds of political confederation on the one hand, and of political dissent on the other. The Southern Democrat must learn to see in the freedman an ignorant and misguided voter who needs instruction and enlightenment, but who has positive political rights which must be respected, and who is not to be regarded or treated as the "natural enemy" of the Commonwealth. The Northern Republican must learn to see in the freedman an independent voter, who is as free to vote the Democratic ticket, if he wants to, as to vote with the party of his liberators. The real education of the Southern blacks in the art and science of politics will begin as soon as the whites of the South, released from the duty of saving what Governor Chamberlain called their "civilization," shall begin to differ among themselves on questions in which they shall seek the co-operation and votes of their colored fellow citizens. And the time of this political reconstruction is close at hand.

RESUMPTION COMING.

ACTION has been taken by the associated banks of this city, in connection with the Treasury Department of Washington, which seems to point to a resumption of specie payments, after the 1st of January, without any appreciable shock to the business, or any serious disturbance to the currency, of the country. The scheme adopted by the Clearing House, which practically represents the entire banking interest of the country, provides for resumption, upon a gold basis, in accordance with the following methods: The banks will, after January, refuse to receive gold coins as special deposits, but will accept them only as lawful money; the special exchange of gold checks at the Clearing House will be abolished, and settlement between banks will be made either in gold or legal-tender United States notes; silver dollars will only be received on deposit under special contract to withdraw the same in kind; and the payment of balances at the Clearing House in silver certificates or in silver dollars, except as subsidiary coins and in small amounts—say ten or twenty-five dollars—will be prohibited. This, it will be observed, reduces the silver dollar to the position of a subsidiary coin, so far as it is in the power of the banks to do so; and unless something unforeseen shall occur, possibly they may be able to keep it for some time in this strictly subsidiary position. It is to be expected, however, that the silverites of the West will undertake to retaliate in some way upon the supporters of this scheme, and if Senator Voorhees is to be believed, one of the first steps will be to urge Congress to pass a

bill authorizing the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Such a proposition, however, would scarcely, in the light of the recent elections, seem likely to carry, no matter how ardently it might be pressed. But even should there be no positively unfriendly legislation, the results of the scheme agreed upon by the banks can scarcely be permanent so far as relates to the establishment of the position which the silver dollar of 412½ grains ought to occupy in the currency of the country, so long as the vicious silver bill of last session remains upon the statute book. At the same time, every step forward is a real and substantial gain in the right direction; and resumption once practically established, as it now seems likely to be, it can scarcely be supposed that the conservative good sense of the country will permit any violently reactionary interference with the policy thus adopted.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE annual report of General Sheridan relates almost entirely to the management of the Indians and the soldiers, and to the injustice which has marked our dealings with these unfortunate "wards." After showing that our Indian policy has been wholly a thing of shreds and patches, General Sheridan proceeds to say that our wars with the red man are due to two classes of causes—the first being the constant encroachment upon their lands sacredly guaranteed to them by treaty, and the second being the compulsory enforcement of the reservation system.

Ten years ago the Indians owned and occupied nearly all the country west of the Missouri River from British Columbia to the Gulf of Mexico, excepting the settlement of Eastern Kansas, Colorado and Montana, and Eastern and Southern Texas. This almost unlimited extent of country was occupied by two vast herds of buffalo, one grazing in the north and the other in the south, and each herd numbered from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 of animals, and in the same region were herds of elk, antelope, deer and other large game of almost every variety, and in numbers innumerable, while in the valleys were to be found wild roots, vegetables, berries and fruit in abundance. Nature had provided everything necessary for the subsistence of the Indians, and the whole region was a pasture-field for the numerous herds of ponies, at once the wealth and sole means of transportation for the Indians, while the results of the chase and the trapping of game procured them the means of clothing themselves, either with the skins, or by barter with the traders, or by both. Gradually the whites crowded on to the grounds of the Indians, and the result is known. General Sheridan states it thus:

"We took away their country and their means of support, broke up their mode of living, their habits of life, introduced disease and decay among them, and it was for this and against this they made war. Could any one expect less? Then why wonder at Indian difficulties?"

"These wars might have been regarded as inevitable, and therefore a sufficient number of soldiers should have been provided to meet them; but it was not done, and hence the fatal results which followed. No other nation in the world would have attempted the reduction of these wild tribes and occupation of their country with less than 60,000 or 70,000 men, while the whole force employed and scattered over the enormous region described never numbered 14,000 men, and nearly one-third of this force has been confined to the line of the Rio Grande to protect the Mexican frontier. The consequence was that every engagement was a forlorn hope, and was attended with a loss of life unparalleled in warfare. No quarter was given by the savage, and the officers and men had to enter on their duties with the most barbarous cruelties staring them in the face in case of defeat. Nor was this misfortune confined to the soldier; it extended to the settler, who was himself killed, or came home to see his wife and children murdered and his stock stolen. Such, in truth, has been the contest on our Western frontier during the last ten years. It would have been less expensive if an army of 60,000 or 70,000 men had been maintained, and moreover the blood of gallant officers, soldiers and citizens would not have rested on our hands.

This, then, was the first cause of our Indian wars. They would have occurred, no matter what course or policy the Government might have adopted. We could not deprive these primitive people of their homes, where they had lived in barbarous contentment for centuries, without war, and the only thing strange about these wars was the manner and means adopted by the Government to meet them."

The second cause of trouble named by the General is the dissatisfaction of the Indian at being compelled to remain on reservations, with his limits circumscribed, his opportunities of hunting abridged, and his game disappearing, with sickness in his lodge from change of life and food, and insufficiency of the latter, and this irregularly supplied, and the reflection coming to him of what he was and what he now is. General Sheridan believes that, with kind treatment of the Indian, administered with steadiness and justice, our Western frontier will no longer suffer from the horrors of Indian outbreaks—that "with treatment of this kind, the Indian can be redeemed and made self-supporting, and in an incredibly short period of time, too, as compared with the opinions usually entertained by the general public."

These views of General Sheridan as to the causes of Indian troubles are shared by

General Pope, of the Department of the Missouri, who, in his annual report, says that the recent "raid" of the Cheyennes was caused by the want of food which the Government had failed to supply. "Their rations were poor and entirely insufficient. They were homesick, despondent and disappointed, and were anxious to get back to a country better known to them and where game was to be had, while here they did not have enough to eat." There is a pathos and a force in this simple statement which must tend to disarm, wherever it is read, the hostile criticism with which we are only too apt to assail every fresh movement of the Indians. And we cannot doubt that, with these official papers before it, Congress will see the necessity of initiating at once a more humane and stable Indian policy than it has hitherto devised.

LORD SALISBURY EXPLAINS.

LORD SALISBURY'S reply to the dispatch of Secretary Everts, concerning the injuries sustained by American fishermen in Fortune Bay, and the attitude of the Home Government in regard to the colonial legislation affecting our rights under the Treaty of Washington, is a good deal more satisfactory than many supposed it would be. He says explicitly that the supposition that he justified the Newfoundland fishermen in their attack upon our people, or that he held it to be competent for a colonial legislature to abrogate treaty provisions, is altogether unfounded. "Her Majesty's Government," he says, "will readily admit, what is indeed self-evident, that British sovereignty as regards these matters is limited in its scope by the engagements of the Treaty of Washington, which cannot be modified or affected by municipal legislation." He goes further and adds: "If, however, it be admitted that the Newfoundland legislators have the right of binding Americans who fish within their waters by any laws which do not contravene existing treaties, it must further be conceded that the duty of determining the existence of any such contravention must be undertaken by the governments and cannot be remitted to the discretion of each individual fisherman; for such a discretion, if exercised on one side, can scarcely be refused on the other." He concludes by saying that if any law has been inadvertently passed "which is in any degree or respect at variance with the rights conferred on a foreign power by treaty," his Government will see that it is repealed. This concession will, no doubt, end the controversy. It is understood that the \$5,500,000 award will be promptly paid by our Government.

OUR SUCCESS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE part played by the United States at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 has been more satisfactory than on any similar occasion. At London in 1851 and 1862 and in Paris in 1855, there was no combined effort made to have the country properly represented, and all the honors we carried off were accidental rather than merited. At Paris in 1867 and at Vienna in 1873, there was more system, and consequently better results were attained. This year in Paris we have won the most distinguished honors in spite of the culpable neglect of Congress in 1876 to authorize the President to accept the invitation of the French authorities. Instead of taking two years to prepare for this great event, we scarcely had as many months. However, by the most herculean efforts on the part of everybody connected with the Commission, the United States were as far advanced on the opening day as any other foreign nation excepting England, which had had six months the start in the competition. A few weeks after the first of May, the American department was fully ready for the criticism of the visitors and for the judgments of the jury who were to pronounce upon the awards. It was then found that there were, in round numbers, 1,200 exhibitors from the United States, including artists. Considering how hastily these persons had got their articles ready, and in view of the great uncertainty whether there would be any exhibition at all, it is surprising that so many objects of the very best quality in point of workmanship, and of so great industrial worth, should have been brought together. There was scarcely an article which had not a distinctive value, and the loss of which would not be a deprivation to the world. This probably accounts for the fact, that, notwithstanding all discouraging circumstances, our exhibitors obtained a greater per centage of awards than those of any other nation. The total number of grand prizes granted in Paris was one hundred and thirty-three. Of these the United States carried off ten, being seven and a half per cent. of the whole, and yet this country did not have three per cent. of the total number of exhibitors. The number of recognitions awarded to nearly sixty thousand exhibitors was twenty-eight thousand five hun-

dred and eighty-eight; of these awards the United States received seven hundred and fifty, being about sixty-three per cent. of the persons represented. If the same proportion had held for other countries, it would have been necessary for the jury to accord thirty-six thousand awards.

It is worthy of note that so many prizes were given to the exhibitors from the State of Connecticut, that the average was over one hundred per cent., that is to say, there were more than enough to give to every person a recognition, and leave a surplus for distribution among the less-fortunate exhibitors. These results were attained notwithstanding the fact that the United States was not represented on a great majority of the juries. There was no friend at Court through whose management and intrigue awards could be obtained, but the articles had to speak for themselves, and the prizes were obtained in spite of the prejudices of the jury and the competition of local exhibitors who were able to bring great influence to bear upon the judges. This circumstance lends a greater value to the awards obtained by Americans, as these recompenses were not manipulated, but were the spontaneous tribute of impartial judges.

It is equally gratifying to the citizens of the United States to know that none of the scandals which brought so much disgrace upon us at Vienna were repeated in Paris. Everything [this time] went off smoothly, and there has been no whisper of disreputable transactions. The Government sent an army of Commissioners, who, like the locusts of Egypt, were ready to devour the land; but Mr. McCormick, being an experienced general, was ready for them. Their wings were soon clipped, and they left for fresh fields and pastures new in other climes. Great praise is due to the Commissioner-general, in thus warding off a danger which at one time threatened to swamp the American exhibition. He has proved to be a most efficient officer, and to him the proper recognition of the United States before the judges, and the harmonious administration of the bureau, is largely due.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

AT first glance it might seem that Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the recent banquet of the Lord Mayor of London had caused a favorable change in the political atmosphere of Europe. The same optimistic view of the situation which it presented was taken by Count von Beust, the Austrian Minister, in his speech at that banquet. And not only was the threatening tone of the Russian press immediately changed thereafter, but Count Schouvaloff, the Russian envoy now at Vienna, is said to have given, according to fresh instructions from the Czar, very satisfactory explanations to the Austrian Cabinet, together with positive promises that Russia means to adhere faithfully to the terms of the Berlin Treaty, while the Czar himself has communicated, both to the French Premier, M. Waddington, and to the British Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, through the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, his firm intention to respect the Treaty, both the letter and spirit of it, as Lord Beaconsfield confidently predicted that it would be respected by all the signatory Powers. In fine, the attitude of Russia to-day, so far as diplomatic words indicate it, is decidedly pacific.

The horizon, then, would be perfectly clear if the action of Russia in Central Asia did not raise doubts of her good faith. In Europe, she accepts the suggestions of all, she swears respect for treaties, and she makes concession after concession. In Asia, while apparently counseling the submission of the Ameer of Cabul, she incites him to war; and her troops, by dissimulated but continuous marches, are gradually approaching the frontier of Afghanistan, and in a few days will be enabled to make common cause with the soldiers of Shere Ali. The question thus arises—are the protestations and the concessions of the Russian Government sincere, or are they not rather made simply in order to gain time until its preparations are completed and shall give every hope of success? This latter opinion is the more probable, and it is doubtless that of the British Government, for the *Poll Mall Gazette* calls special attention to the fact that the Russian mission, contrary to the wish formally expressed by England, still remains at Cabul and does not seem at all disposed to quit that capital. The fact, also, that the conscription in Russia will call for 218,000 army recruits this year, instead of 150,000, the usual number, is by no means reassuring to those who persist in hoping against hope that the peace of Europe will not soon be disturbed by a general war, in consequence of the threatening complications bequeathed by the late Russo-Turkish War. Nevertheless, while the Afghanistan troubles may have been provoked by Russia for the immediate purpose of diverting the attention of England from Russian aggressive intentions—by no means abandoned in Europe—Winter itself, with its rigors, will probably postpone

actual fighting, on any great scale, alike in Asia and Europe.

It is noteworthy that the French Budget is reduced for all expenses save those of the army. As long as Germany, notwithstanding the enormous deficit of her own budget, maintains her army on almost a war footing, France must do the same. It is, indeed, for the best interest of the French Republic to preserve her neutrality as long as possible, should a general war be the inevitable result of existing European complications, but it is absolutely essential that both the army and the navy of France should be kept in full readiness for all emergencies. France has won a noble victory of peace by the triumphant success of the International Exhibition. The exhibition receipts since the 1st of May amounted to 12,653,746 francs. The sum of money which it directly and indirectly put in circulation in Paris was prodigious. The intimation made by Gambetta in a recent speech that the quasi-exile of the French Legislature to Versailles may terminate ere long is a hopeful sign at once for Paris and for the French Republic. The election of Taine to the French Academy, as the successor of De Loménie, is merely a tribute to the individual distinction which he has gained by strenuous industry without genius, and is not a sign of growing popular favor for the reactionist views which he is supposed to have adopted, because, in the second volume of his last historical work, he has recounted the meannesses and crimes of the first French Revolution. Last June he was very properly rejected in behalf of Henri Martin, the Republican historian of France, as a candidate for the vacant chair of Thiers, the late illustrious President of the French Republic. It will be easier for Taine to fill the vacant chair of the brilliant but not great De Loménie.

WE have received from the publishers the "Twenty-second Annual List of the Martindale Law and Collection Association"—an association of lawyers representing every town and village in the United States and Canada, for the purpose of mutual co-operation in the collection of claims and the transaction of legal business. The work, embracing nearly 150 pages, possesses great value for all business men, the attorneys recommended being in all cases prominent for legal ability, industry, honesty and financial responsibility.

A PARTIAL statement of contributions made in aid of the sufferers by yellow fever shows a total of \$1,359,000. This embraces only the cash subscribed publicly and through the authorities of the various cities and the committees appointed by them, and excludes all private, religious and society subscriptions. The amount credited to this city is \$395,000. The total subscriptions from Southern towns and cities amounted to \$173,000. The town of Deadwood, in the heart of the Black Hills, gave \$1,000. The contributions from foreign cities reached an aggregate of \$39,000.

DENIS KEARNEY has reached the end of his tether, the workmen of Massachusetts having finally repudiated him as wholly unworthy of confidence. At a convention in Boston, a few evenings since, where the California statesmen undertook to manage matters, "the workmen denounced him as a fraud, said he knew nothing about local matters, turned off the gas in his face and sent him home in disgrace." It is understood that General Butler has advised the "sand-lot reformer" to withdraw from all further participation in Bay State politics; and now that the workmen are turning upon him, it is not likely that he will hesitate about accepting this timely advice. We may be sure that he will never again command any appreciable following, or exercise any real influence, anywhere.

In recently turning over the pages of a volume of the "French Illustration" for 1854, we came across an article entitled "Electric Transmission of Speech." The author, Charles Bourseul, soldier in the African Corps, thus expresses himself: "Suppose we talk in front of a disk sufficiently flexible not to lose a single vibration produced by the voice; that the disk establishes and interrupts successively this communication with a battery; we could have at a distance another apparatus which would execute in the same time exactly the same vibrations. . . . An electric pile, two vibrating diaphragms and a conducting wire would suffice to complete the circuit." We have here the elements of the telephone and of the phonograph, certainly very curious but scarcely sufficient to substantiate the claim of the French to a priority in the discovery of these wonderful inventions. It was easy enough for ancient philosophers to predict that some day large vessels would be propelled by steam, but the difficulty was to do it. Still, these

imaginary discoveries always have a certain amount of literary interest.

It is a great pity that the passion of sensationalism cannot be expelled from the pulpits of Christian churches. The sort of preaching which has become characteristic of certain Brooklyn and New York pulpits does actual harm to the particular churches so afflicted; while the follies and eccentricities of those who are set as examples and teachers in religion exert a positively mischievous influence far beyond the circle of their immediate personal associations. The Brooklyn divine who has been giving the results of a personal tour among the slums of this city is doing more to advertise the vices he condemns, and excite in the young and careless an interest in pleasures with which they are not familiar, than any other agency that could possibly be employed. There ought to be no objection from any quarter to Sunday theatrical or opera bouffe entertainments so long as this unseemly Brooklyn show is permitted to go on in the name of virtue and sound morals.

THE annual report of the Director of the Mint places the domestic production of gold and silver during the last fiscal year at \$93,952,421, of which \$47,676,863 is credited to Nevada. Dr. Linderman estimates the probable amount of gold consumed in the arts and manufactures this year at \$2,500,000, and computes the stock of gold bullion in the country at \$244,353,390. The amount of silver coin and bullion exported during the year above the amount of importations he fixes at \$8,045,600, and the probable amount used in the arts and manufactures at \$3,000,000. He says this will leave a net balance of \$88,090,557 as the stock of silver coin and bullion in the country June 30th, 1878, a total of both gold and silver of \$332,443,947, which is an increase during the year of \$89,588,089. He believes that \$26,000,000 was added to that amount up to October 1st. Of the silver question he says that the expectations entertained by many that the remonetization of the silver dollar would be followed by an appreciation in the value of silver, has not yet been realized.

A LARGE number of arrests have been made in Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana of persons who stuffed ballot-boxes and interfered with Federal supervisors while in the discharge of their duty at the recent elections. The President is said to speak in severe terms of the alleged frauds and intimidations in the South, and says that the Administration is resolved to use its power to the utmost to punish them. In a recent interview, he is reported to have said:

"It is not because the Republican party appears as the sufferer in these results that I complain. It is because free suffrage and freedom of political rights have been interfered with that I am called upon to take cognizance of these disturbances. If the facts were exactly reversed, and if the Republicans had committed these outrages upon the Democrats, my duty would be the same. If in the faithful execution of the laws justice shall demand the punishment of this or that man, whatever his political connections may be, I shall not be deterred by partisan criticism. All I know is that great crimes have been committed, and it is my duty to aid in the punishment of the criminals."

If it shall appear that the laws have been violated and the rights of suffrage denied to a class of citizens, or that the ballot-boxes have been debauched by illicit practices, the President should, by all means, use all the authority at his command to correct the evil and punish the offenders. So long as he shall do this in a thoroughly non-partisan spirit, he will have the cordial support of all patriotic citizens. An assault upon the right of suffrage in the person of the weakest and humblest voter in the land is a menace to the rights of all, and as such is to be resented and punished. But the President, in whatever he does, should be sure of his premises, and careful not to expose himself, justly, to the imputation that he is controlled by partisan prejudice or animosity.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE is a wise and excellent publication that fills a place that no other American periodical attempts. It is emphatically a family magazine, and ought to be in every household where intelligence and virtue obtain. It offers a table of contents at once varied, appetizing and instructive. Its illustrations are very numerous, and the publication is of unrivaled cheapness. The editorial papers are unusually interesting and valuable, whilst the monthly sermon, by the eloquent and able editor, Rev. Dr. Deems, will be found to be very fresh, vigorous and impressive, and presented in that clear, crisp, bright, nervous style for which he is so distinguished. We commend this monthly to all in search of an instructive, wise, elevating and interesting family visitant. Annual subscription \$3. Postpaid. —*Himington (N. C.) Morning Star.*

THE third volume of the "BATTLES OF AMERICA," dealing with the great Civil War, lies before us. Mr. J. Laird Wilson, the author, is a writer who guides his readers and is himself guided by the light of leading ideas. The book is full of distinctness, force and healthy vigor. He distinguishes between fact and inference, between conclusion and conjecture. Out of the many parts of so vast and so varied a theme it is not easy to select any for special comment. Mr. Wilson's book displays grasp and power, while the manifold details are conscientiously and carefully manipulated, and utterly free from complication. In every way it is a work which has certain special claims to attention.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE case for the contestant, Mrs. Le Bau, in the Vanderbilt will investigation, has at length been closed.

It is estimated by competent authority that the yellow fever epidemic this year has cost the country \$175,000,000.

THE twelfth annual convention of the American Institute of Architects was held in New York, November 13th and 14th.

JUDGE BARRETT has denied the mandamus to compel New York City to make the stipulated payments for the East River Bridge.

It is estimated that the Government has lost at least \$5,000,000 in duties by the system of adulterating refined sugars, just ferreted out.

A LARGE part of the town of Bradford, Penn. fifty buildings in all, was destroyed by fire November 14th, causing a loss of \$150,000.

FIFTY-ONE Boston banks have unanimously ratified the action of the New York banks on the question of resumption elsewhere referred to.

THERE is a great cutting in railroad fares in the West for Eastern travel, and tickets from Cincinnati to New York have been as low as one dollar.

THE report of the Commissioner of Customs shows that \$130,170,680 were paid into the Treasury for customs during the year ending June 30th.

A SPECIAL board has been appointed in the case of ex-Surgeon General Hammond, with General Edmund Schriever, of McDowell's staff, as President.

THE Postmaster-General has sent in his report. It discusses the need of a better support to the Postal Service and an extension thereof, and opposes the franking privilege.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevails in New York over the rumor that the Spanish Government is offering inducements to wealthy and influential Cuban exiles to return to the island.

THE New Haven School Board has refused to sanction separate devotional exercises in the public schools to accommodate the Catholics. The vote was seven to one, one Catholic voting with the majority.

RUMORS have been prevalent in New York for several days that the remains of A. T. Stewart had been found, and that all of the robbers, save the leader, had been detected and were under surveillance, awaiting the completion of the chain of evidence pending arrest.

AN adjourned meeting of the United States Board of Trade was held in New York, November 13th and 14th. The bankrupt and postal laws, the adulteration in food and drugs, and the feasibility of holding a second international exhibition were discussed.

IN the Commercial Convention which closed at Chicago on November 13th, a majority report from the committee on resolutions, favoring the completion of the Texas and Northern Pacific Railroads, the provision by Congress for an ocean mail service between the chief ports of the United States and all important commercial points on the coast of South America in American-built and owned ships, and the opening of a water-line between the waters of Virginia and North Carolina, as means of enabling the greater part of the domestic shipping of the Atlantic coast to avoid the dangers of Cape Hatteras, was adopted.

Foreign.

MONCASI, who attempted to assassinate the young King of Spain, has been sentenced to death.

FULL subscriptions have been made to the new Egyptian loan at 73, and the scrip is quoted at a premium in London.

THE total Prussian deficit for the fiscal year 1878-9 will be \$19,500,000, of which \$17,500,000 will be covered by a new loan.

THE duplex system, or double transmission of messages on a single wire, was successfully worked over the Anglo-American cable on November 11th.

A DISCOVERY of rich gold fields in the Wynaad district, Madras, India, is reported, and expert miners are said to have been engaged in Australia to open mines.

THE Porte has delivered a draft of the Constitution for Eastern Roumelia, embracing provisions for a partly elective Council-General, and popular elections for certain local officers.

THE proposition of the Canadian Government to set off 5,000 acres of land for the locked-out laborers who are willing to immigrate has been accepted by the Kent and Sussex Laborers' Union, England.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Rome says: "The Court of Appeals has pronounced against the claimant in the Antonelli will case. She has announced her intention of appealing to the Court of Cassation."

THE result of the elections for members of the Great Council of the Canton of Geneva insures the return of the dispossessed Catholic priests, the cessation of the religious war, and the eventual separation of Church and State.

THE Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise took their departure from Liverpool for Halifax on November 14th. Great preparations are being made for their reception in Canada, and a general holiday will be proclaimed upon their arrival.

A NUMBER of prominent Liberals in England have formed a committee to agitate the immediate dissolution of Parliament in order to enable the country to decide the Afghan dispute. The Government has declined Russia's proffered mediation with Afghanistan.

It is reported that intelligence has been received at the Colonial Office that a further outbreak by the Caffres is imminent. The rebel tribes are massed in great strength under Cetewayo, King of the Zulus. The British force on the frontier is in danger of being overwhelmed unless promptly reinforced very considerably.

A DISPATCH from Berlin says the attitude of the exiled German bishops, as indicated by their memorial to the Pope expressing the wish that an equitable arrangement may be reached with Germany, is regarded in Berlin as a gratifying earnest of a possible reconciliation. A dispatch from Rome says the Vatican has decided on complete separation from the Centre (Ultramontane) party in the German Reichstag.

As King Humbert was entering Naples in state on Sunday, November 17th, a poorly-clad man attempted to assassinate him with a poniard. Signor Carli, Chief of the Ministry, who was in the carriage with the King, laid hands on the man, who wounded him in the thigh. The King drew his sword and struck the assassin who was immediately secured. The King received a slight scratch. The popular indignation was intense and the demonstrations of loyalty are unbounded.

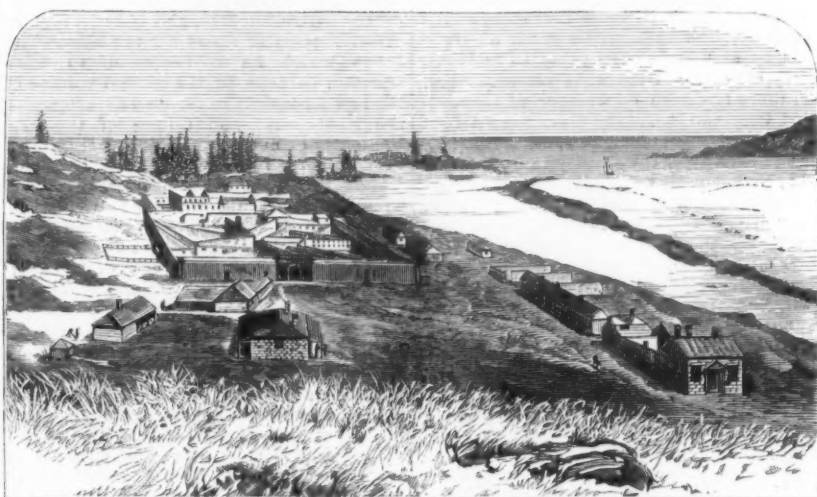
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 215.



AFGHANISTAN.—CONFLICT BETWEEN THE CABULESE AND KHYBEREE INSURGENTS.



CYPRUS.—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY HOLDING A RECEPTION AT NICOSIA.



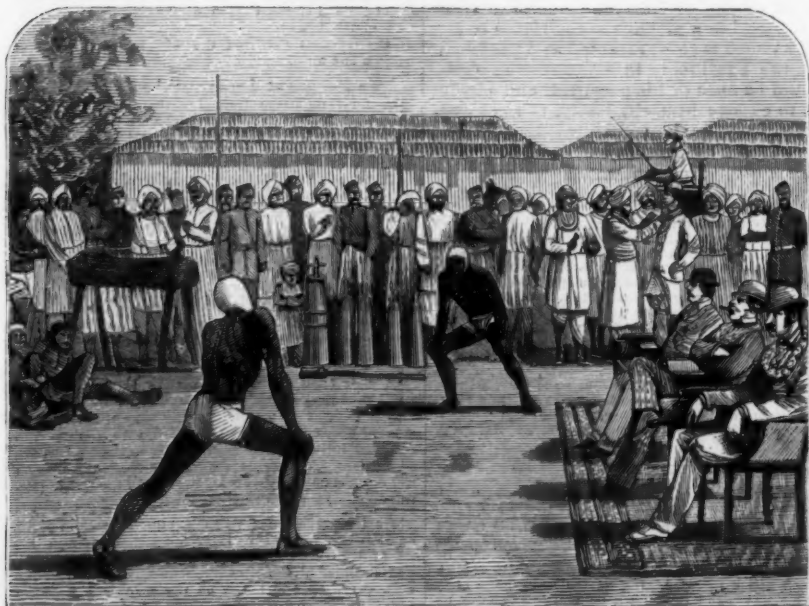
SOUTH PACIFIC.—SETTLEMENT OF DESCENDANTS OF THE "BOUNTY" MUTINEERS ON NORFOLK ISLAND.



ITALY.—THE NEW REPETTA BRIDGE OVER THE TIBER, NEAR ROME.



AFGHANISTAN.—ENTRANCE TO THE KHOJAK PASS, ON THE ROAD TO CANDAHAR.



INDIA.—LIFE IN A BOMBAY REGIMENT—AN ATHLETIC CONTEST.



INDIA.—LANDING ICE FROM THE FLEET OF ICE-SHIPS AT BOMBAY.

MADAME ETELKA GERSTER.

A YOUNG, fair-haired girl—dark gray eyes full of intense concentration, a *seize* figure caressed by a blue serge dress, with cambric collar and cuffs of that period when Oliver Cromwell played king at Whitehall. This was Etelka Gerster. Her sitting-room in the Clarendon evidenced the indescribable but re-assuring aspect of being used. On the mantelpiece were family photographs, and in their midst one of the grim Von Moltke, presented to the gifted artist by the Field Marshal himself, his autograph appended. He had not attended the theatre for twenty years, but he needs must hear the little singing bird over whom all the world was so frantically gushing. In the centre of the room was an enormous bouquet; a dove perched upon a lyre bearing a tri-color ribbon in its beak, with a card inscribed as follows: "In remembrance of our last appearance in 'Il Flauto Magico' at Her Majesty's. To Etelka Gerster, Queen of the Night, with the love and best wishes of *Pamina*.—Marie Roze." Also decorating the apartment was the floral trophy presented to the *prima donna* by some of the ladies who had crossed with her on the *City of Chester*—a model of a steamer. She was immensely pleased at this *souvenir*, coming as it did from many whom in all human probability she would never behold again. Etelka Gerster is two-and-twenty, and looks still in her teens. She has been three years married to Dr. Gardini, her most courteous and accomplished helpmate. As yet no olive branches have blessed the house of Gerster-Gardini. She received the writer with that naive simplicity which would seem to be the heritage of eminent talent. The interview was in French, and to render into English the piquancy of Madame Gerster's conversation would be a perfectly hopeless task. There are some languages untranslatable, and French, spoken by a pretty woman, is one of them. She is perfectly charmed with her reception by a New York audience—that goes without saying. She feels that she will like Americans intensely. She is very enthusiastic on the subject of England and the English.

"At first, after coming from demonstrative Germany, I was chilled to the core by the glacial tone and manner of the English. They seemed to me to resemble their great straight walled-in houses; but," she added, with a flashing smile that illuminated her face like a ray of sunshine, "once enter their homes—once come to know them, and they are absolutely charming."

"You sang at the Buckingham Palace Concerts?"

"Oh, yes; but I was honored with a command to visit the Queen at the Windsor Castle. I never was so agreeably disappointed in anybody. Why, her photographs make her coarse, unamiable and gorgon-like. I found her gracious, winsome, with a handsome face, beaming with amiability. She actually accompanied me on the piano while I sang."

"Does she play well?"

"A very finished touch. I had no opportunity of

judging of her execution. She used to sing, they say, charmingly; but since the death of Prince Albert she has never uttered a note."

"Where did you make your first appearance, Madame?"

"In Venice, three years ago, in 'Rigoletto.' I was a success. I studied for three years in Vienna under the celebrated Madame Marchesi. My *reper-*

toire is a pretty large one, including 'Sonnambula,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Puritani,' 'Lucia,' 'Barbiere di Seviglia,' 'Traviata,' 'Dinorah,' 'Linda,' 'Lohengrin,' 'Faust,' 'Flauto Magico,' 'Amleto,' 'Don Pasquale,' 'Il Talismano.' I used to sing every Thursday evening at the Palace in Berlin, merely to the Royal Family, it was quite *en petit comité*. I am engaged to sing at the Golden Wedding of the Emperor which

it beggars description. One of the Scotch newspapers tells of a widow lady, with a family, whose handsome inheritance was all either in shares or on deposit in the bank, and who was left with just fifteen pence in her pocket. Many suggestions have been made for the amelioration of the suffering, but obviously it will be necessary to adopt more comprehensive measures than have as yet been attempted

is to take place next year. When I was studying at the Conservatoire the Verdi *fete* came off, and I sang *scenas* from 'Rigoletto' and 'Traviata.' Verdi said to me: 'My little girl, you are destined to shine.'

"Which is your favorite *role*?"

"I have no favorite—I like little bits of all. If I had a favorite"—here she hesitated—"it might be 'Lucia'; but I am in love with each *role* as it comes near to me."

"Do you like Wagner?"

"I like 'Lohengrin.' I am going to sing the part of *Elsa* during this engagement. Wagner is immense, colossal; but he does not compose for the voice; he imagines the voice should compose itself for him. Unlike other great composers he cannot sing a note—he only declaims. Ambrose Thomas selected me to produce his 'Ophelia' in Italy. It was received *con amore*. I sang it fourteen times."

About the youthful *prima donna* there is a delightful earnestness that on supreme occasions will even mount higher than enthusiasm. She loves her art, going into it as pre-Raphaelites unto painting, electing nothing, rejecting nothing, and scorning nothing.

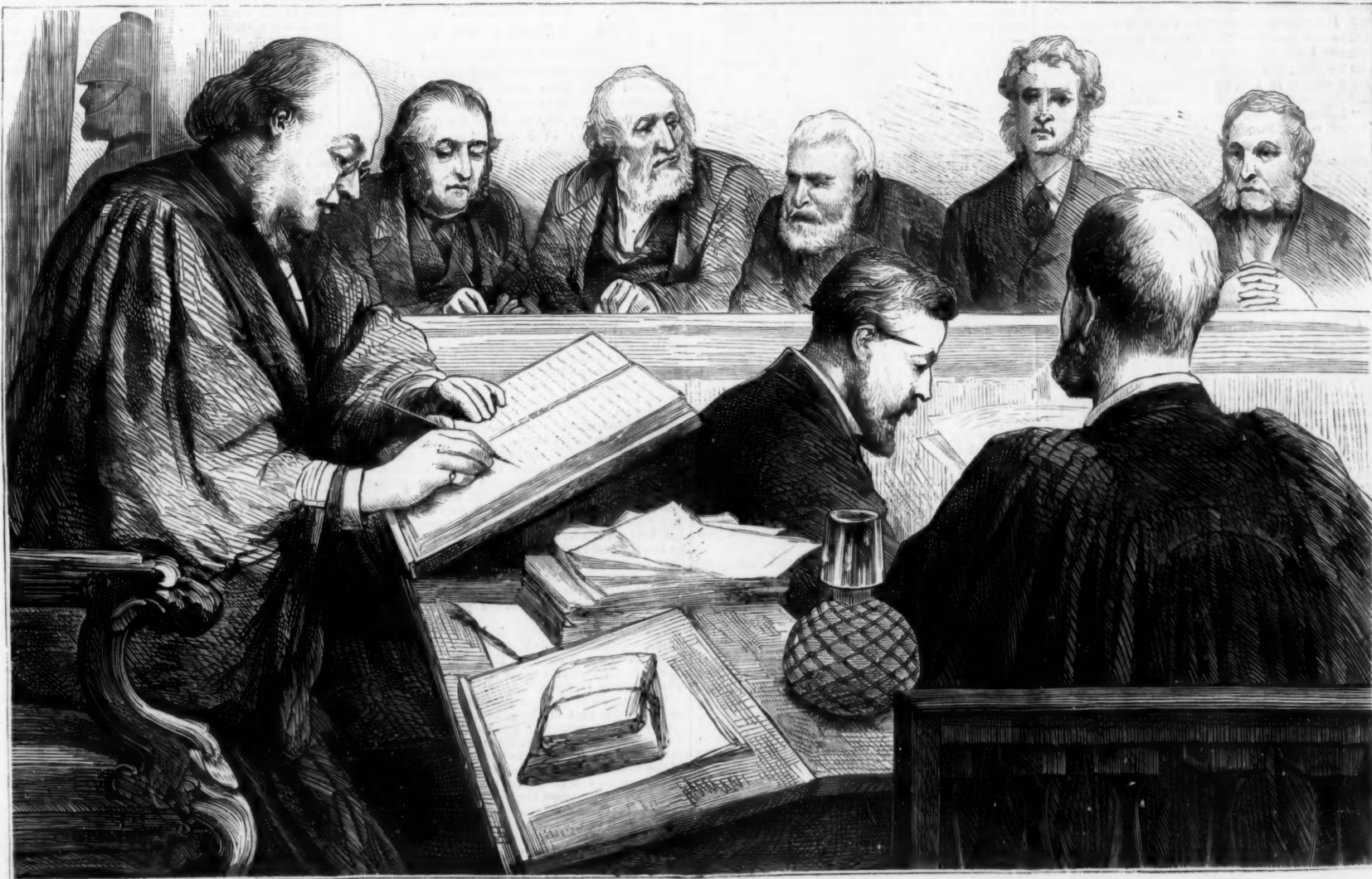
Etelka Gerster was born in Kaasa, the capital of Upper Hungary, in 1857. In 1872 she entered the Conservatory at Vienna, and made such rapid progress that she was soon offered an opportunity to sing in the Imperial Opera House. Her triumphs date from her first appearance in 1875. Mme. Gerster sings with ease in German, Italian, French and Hungarian.

THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE.

THE directors, manager, and secretary of the City of Glasgow Bank have all been committed for trial without bail. To secure this desirable end an additional charge of embezzlement or theft was entered against them, which, unlike the rest, deprives them of the right to claim liberation on bail, though of course it will still be in the option of the judge to grant it to them if he thinks fit. The police have a warrant for the arrest of Mr. James Nichol Fleming, but have not yet managed to lay hands upon him, although it is thought that instead of going to Spain, as was rumored, he is hiding in London. Another ex-director is said to have taken flight, and the whereabouts of several other persons not on the Board, but supposed to be concerned in the frauds, is not known. A first call of £500 per £100 share has been made upon the shareholders, so that even should no further calls be made, people having only one-fifth of their property in the bank will be absolutely ruined. The distress is so widespread and so complete that



NEW YORK.—MADAME ETELKA GERSTER-GARDINI, PRIMA DONNA, NOW SINGING WITH THE MAPLESON ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.



SCOTLAND.—THE FAILURE OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.—EXAMINATION OF THE DIRECTORS BY THE MAGISTRATE.

to meet the wants of all the victims. Our sketch requires little explanation. It shows the interior of the Central Police Court, Glasgow, on the occasion of the second examination before Mr. Stipendiary Gemmel, when, on the application of Mr. McPhee, the Procurator-Fiscal, all the prisoners were remitted to the Sheriff of Lanarkshire.

ONLY JUST SAVED.

WILLIE STANSFIELD was clerk in a London and Indian bank. He was an orphan, and had but one or two distant relatives. Not very many friends either could he boast of, but two he had, both sincere and one powerful. Mr. Manley, a life-long friend of his father, had procured him his present appointment in the bank, of which he, Mr. Manley, was a director; and Mr. Turner had known him from boyhood, and counseled him on all important matters.

"Willie," said the latter, "what is this whisper which reaches me that something more than a kind feeling has risen up between you and Laura Manley?"

A question of this character put to youngsters of three-and-twenty generally disconcerts them a little, but Willie replied pretty readily:

"There may be people in the world so clever that they have penetrated both into Miss Manley's heart and my heart, and there discovered a secret," he answered; "but that one single person ever saw the smallest outward manifestation of affection between us, I most positively deny. You will see in a moment, Mr. Turner, how awkwardly I have been placed. I confess it at once, I am strongly attached to Miss Manley, and I do not think I am uncared for by her; but what an outrageous thing for me to entertain the smallest hope of any useful result! Here is Mr. Manley, who was my father's friend and has been mine, no doubt. He is a man of great wealth, and of high position and influence. He has only one child, Laura. How do you think he is likely to view any advances towards her by his humble protégé—the clerk in the bank at a hundred and fifty pounds a year?"

"Do you imagine Mr. Manley has any suspicion of this matter?"

"No. He cannot have the slightest."

"I fancy he has."

"Mr. Turner, look here; I am doing all I can to induce the bank to give me an appointment just vacant in India. My application is to come before the directors to-morrow. Mr. Manley, as you know, has been in the country for months. I have written to him, begging him to support my request; if he does, it is sure to be granted, but—"

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"Why, though Mr. Manley is my very kind friend, he is such an odd-tempered, impulsive man, that I never can rely upon him in any particular matter. If he should refuse me in this, I shall not hesitate to tell him frankly that it will be a proceeding so inconsiderate, showing such a thorough want of real interest in my welfare—such a complete callousness—"

"Mercy on me, Willie—spare me another outburst! Let us wait events."

These soon revealed themselves. The speakers were in Willie Stansfield's lodgings when the above conversation took place, and Mr. Turner was leaving when the postman brought a letter. Stansfield read it, and then flung it into the corner of the room.

"I thought as much!" he exclaimed in a fury. "Of course, he refuses. Read it, Mr. Turner. Just tell me what you think of that! Mr. Manley pretends to be my friend. He once told me that he assured my father, when he was dying, that he would never lose sight of me. And what does he do? He gets me a trumpery berth in a bank, and invites me now and then to his house; but the moment I ask him a real favor, which would cost him nothing, but which would give me something like a chance in life, he turns away. Oh, I hate such hypocrites! I will write and tell him so."

"I wish it had been otherwise," said Mr. Turner, "and I own I do not altogether understand it," he added, as though some special thought perplexed him; "but, Willie, I cannot hear of your writing Mr. Manley as you propose—it would be both foolish and wrong."

"Maybe, but I shall do it."

"Then you quarrel with me also, Stansfield."

"I shall be very sorry, but my mind is made up."

"So is mine, and if you send this letter you will not see me again for a long time."

And Mr. Turner left. Then the letter was written, and a vastly stupid letter it was, of course. In fact, Willie Stansfield was slightly demented at this time. His love affair, his desire to act honorably to his patron, and even to go abroad as a help to himself to do so; then Mr. Manley throwing him back, as it were, into the meshes from which he desired to escape; and, finally, his general discontent at his present life and the prospects of his future, all these things brought about a degree of mental effervescence scarcely consistent with perfect sanity. He did not stop at writing the letter to Mr. Manley. He must needs go head over heels into mischief, into almost ruin, it seemed indeed. He saw the secretary of the bank, and spoke in such unmeasured terms, that the secretary plainly told him the board would not improbably think he had better leave the company. That afternoon Stansfield went home in a worse state of mind than ever.

It was two days after this that Mr. Turner, hearing that Mr. Manley had come to London, went to see him at his club. They were well known to each other.

"I am glad to see you, Turner," said Mr. Manley, "more especially because you perhaps can throw some light on the movements of that stupid boy, Stansfield. Where's he run off to?"

"Run off! Really, I don't know. I haven't seen him for a couple of days. In fact, I quarreled with him over a threat of his writing you, in what I saw would be a most unjustifiable strain, about you not supporting his wish to be sent to India."

"Unjustifiable! The letter came, sure enough, and was simply abominable. One would think I had done him some deadly injury. Now, just see

how vexing this affair is to me. I confided to you that it had crossed my mind there was some feeling between this lad and my daughter Laura. When Stansfield's letter arrived asking me to support him for the Indian appointment, Laura and I were at breakfast, and after reading it I said, 'Laura, you will be glad to hear young Stansfield is just off to India. He wants to make his fortune in a hurry. It is a good berth he is going to, and the only drawback is that both the previous occupants died of yellow fever, but Willie may be more lucky.' Well, after I had witnessed the effect of my little speech, I had no doubt how matters stood, and I thought, 'Well, I suppose I ought to be very angry. I ought to denounce these two young people, and threaten them with my bitterest anger if they should for an instant think of one another again. But for once in my life I will take time to consider. The world would speak out finely if it knew what is in my mind at this moment. What do I care for the world? But, at all events, Master Willie must not go to India, and I will write and tell him so. Yet I must be cautious I do not let him see what is in the background, and which may never go to the front. I must simply decline to aid him, and he will well know I have his interest at heart.'

"But now it's all over," exclaimed the old gentlemen, with heightened color and flashing eyes, "He has gone his own way, his own headstrong, foolish way, and he has ruined himself."

"Did I understand you he is not forthcoming?" asked Mr. Turner.

"Just so. He's made off like a scamp—not that he is one, but what will people think? The dreadfully stupid boy, after writing me as he did, must go and downright bully our secretary at the bank, who gave him a hint that harm might come of it. Whereupon, it would appear, the idiot returned to his lodgings, paid his few debts (for he was a thrifty and honorable young blockhead), put his trifling possessions together, and disappeared with them in a cab."

"Truly deplorable. But now the thing is to find this crazed lad. We must take all necessary steps—the police—advertisements—"

"Not one, so far as I am concerned, Turner. That youth might in time have been my son-in-law, rich, blessed with a dear and loving wife—every kind of happiness at his—but, no, we are parted. He may be a fool, he may be a madman. To neither will I trust my Laura. My decision is irrevocable; pray, say no more. Willie Stansfield must do something very praiseworthy, indeed, before he returns to my favor."

He thought of these words in many an after-year.

"What a hopeless couple of men to deal with!" soliloquized Mr. Turner, as he wended his way home. "One the impersonation of violent temper, and the other of obstinacy. And so this quarrel, which might so easily be arranged, is to cause ever so much suffering and injury, without any prospect of a termination. It is truly deplorable."

It was; but as to bringing Willie Stansfield back, that was out of the question. He had already started for America.

There is something doubly alarming and horrible in those instances of wickedness for which no motive can possibly be assigned. As I, in my mind's eye, five years after the conversation just related, see a human being on whose face is stamped indelibly cruelty of the vilest order, crawling about a railway embankment, in the United States, I have a shuddering conviction that some diabolical monstrosity is about to be perpetrated. And so it is. The wretched creature is carrying a huge bar of iron (stolen from some store at hand, I suppose), and with it he slips down the embankment, at the risk of his life, until he reaches the entrance to a tunnel. There, across the rails, he deposits his burden. He is careful so to place it that by no possibility shall the engine of the doomed train, now fast approaching, clear its path of the incumbrance. He chuckles at this assurance strikes him fully. Then he smites the bar a heavy blow with the palm of his hand, and dreadful madness glistered in his coal-black eyes as he mutters, "Fine, fine!" A minute after, and he is over the embankment again; and half an hour subsequently, when all is confusion, and horror, and suffering, he quietly tells the story of his deed, and is borne away with loathing to await the time when it shall be pronounced whether he shall be put out of life as a malignant criminal, or be henceforth well housed and cared for as an interesting lunatic of peculiar propensities.

Into that train, now coming on to its fate, there stepped at the terminal station an elderly gentleman and a beautiful girl. They had come to America from England for the benefit of the young lady's not over-strong health.

"What a lot of fog we do get here!" said the gentleman, testily. "We started because it was a charming morning, and now we are in a damp mist, getting darker every moment. A blessed invention, those fog signals, for I am sure the engine-driver cannot see his hand before him."

"Papa," said the young lady, timidly, and with the dreamy air which we associate with the looking back on long-past events, "did you notice a gentleman who entered the train as we were just starting?"

"A young man with brown hair and dark gray eyes? Yes, Laura; and I thought how wonderfully like he was to that headstrong lad, Willie Stansfield, who will turn up again, I suppose, one of these days."

"Do you think, papa, it could possibly have been he?"

"There is no saying. We always assumed he went abroad. He may be here—may be in this train. I well remember the last words I said to Turner about him, that he must do something very praiseworthy before he could return to my favor. I dare say, like the rest of the world, he is striving and struggling. Laura, this is indeed a wretched day for traveling."

But Laura's thoughts were upon the brown hair and the gray eyes.

"This is the station, Laura, before we come to the long tunnel. On we go again. How we all of us cry out for change! Restless creatures we human beings are! Bah! The idea of my mor-

alizing!" and the hard-headed business man laughed at the notion.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, papa. I feel a little dull, myself, at the moment. Do you know, I fancy I am in a more critical state than you think. I may not live, you know, papa. I may not. If I should die, you will not bury me here? You will take me home, and—"

"My Laura, my Laura!" exclaimed her father, drawing her to him and embracing her, "what has come over you? What sudden alarm is this?"

They were alone in the carriage, and the old man's tears dropped unchecked.

"It will pass away, I dare say, papa; but a curious presentiment came over me, and I felt weak. I will talk of other things. I wish this journey were ended, for I am rather frightened at such darkness."

"There is nothing to fear, my girl. This line is admirably worked, and all contingencies are provided for, and—"

No. Not that of a heavy bar lying on the rails, placed there after the last train had been signaled "All right."

CRASH!

The huge engine reared up as if in rage, and fell back on the foremost carriages. The hind part of the train was jerked off the line, the carriages falling around and upon one another in hideous confusion. Only a few of the centre carriages escaped injury. How many passengers were killed I cannot tell you now. In a sense, they were favored above the cruelly wounded, for the summons was immediate, and was immediately obeyed.

Mr. Manley rose from the embankment on to which, by some eccentricity of movement of the falling carriages, he had been thrown. For a minute all was confusion in his mind. Then memory returned. Where was Laura? She remained in that shattered compartment upon which another carriage was partly resting. He could just hear her voice now, crying for her father.

The old man shouted for help, but there were far worse cases, and no help came. A cry then arose that the train on the other line was just due, and the way being blocked by the debris, another accident was imminent. A loud wail of despair issued from the poor father, as fruitlessly he strove to remove the great mass of fragments in which his daughter was entombed.

Who was this who, attracted by the doleful cry, approached to render aid?

Mr. Manley did not know at the moment. He simply saw a young and powerful man, and he clutched him by the shoulders, and then even sinking on his knees before him, the old man besought him by all he held dear, by all his hopes of present and future, to save his child. "Save my Laura, my Laura, sir, and all I have shall be at your command!"

What a start the young man gave! One more close look into the supplicant's face, and then to work. What superhuman force was this which cast aside this huge bar and that great beam? See how the fragments fly as though they were but pieces of a child's plaything!

To the right, to the left, the masses roll; the work is more than half done, when the cry arises that the whistle of the unstopped train on the other line is audible. Stand aside. No use working further. Death must have his additional victims. On comes the train.

Only at the last moment did Willie Stansfield succeed in clasping the frame of Laura Manley, and bore it away.

Saved! Who could take her from him now?

THE TURKEY.

FROM THE FARM TO THE TABLE.

(Continued from Front Page.)

Bishop Butler has said of the strawberry: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." Substitute the word "bird" for berry, and we have the American turkey. "My Lord of Norfolk" is a stately fowl, weighing his fifty odd pounds, and fit to grace the baronial hall in Merrie England at Yuletide; but although his flesh is white, his flavor is but poor and insipid when compared with that of the "gobbler" which comes into the market all over the length and breadth of this fair land at the close of the month of November. The flavor of the American turkey is a delicious specialty.

Although the turkey was exclusively an inhabitant of North America in its wild state, the earlier naturalists supposed it to be a native of Africa and the East Indies, while its common name is said to have arisen from the belief that it originated in Turkey. It was carried to England in the early part of the sixteenth century by William Strickland, lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot, and since that time it has been acclimated in most parts of the world. The progenitor of the present race of domesticated turkeys is not known with certainty; some naturalists incline to the belief that it is the *Meleagris gallopavo*, while others consider it to be an allied species now extinct. Domesticated turkeys thrive best on high, dry, and sandy soil, and when grasshoppers are plentiful can pick up their own living. In temperate climates they generally lay twice a year, fifteen eggs or less, white, with small spots of reddish yellow. The female is prolific for five years, though those of two or three years are the best hatchers. Incubation lasts twenty-seven or twenty-eight days, and they are such close sitters that food must be placed within their reach. The males utter singular notes resembling the word "gobble" several times repeated; hence, in the language of the farmyard, the male is spoken of as the gobbler.

The New York market draws its turkeys from north, south, east and west, the largest farms being in Connecticut and New York State, three farms in the former raising 10,000 birds for every Thanksgiving Day.

Washington Hollow, a picturesque valley lying twelve miles east of Poughkeepsie, contributes its quota to the general "gobble," and hither the special artist, with the writer, proceeded last week, in order to behold the turkey in the wild wantonness of the stubble, in the precarious tenure of the roost, in the clutches of its slayer, and finally undergoing the grim preparation that was to render it a thing of beauty to the enterprising frequenters of the Washington or the Fulton Markets. The last glories of red and russet and gold were upon the trees as we turned into the farm of Mr. James Briggs, situated in the very heart of Dutchess County. The pre-Revolution farmhouse of red brick gave us

welcome, while its proprietor forthwith proceeded to unravel the mysteries of turkey-raising.

Turkeys are hatched in May, the young birds being kept in coops, on the ground, till they are able to care for themselves. The coops, always placed in a dry place, are open, with slats in front, so as to afford light and air. The slats enable the pouts to run in and out of the coop, the mother remaining in durance vile. If the weather is damp the slats are shut down. The newly hatched are fed on curds till they are six weeks old; then with meal, mixed with curds. After this cracked corn, and with the cracked corn—freedom, as they are now permitted to roam at their sweet will during daylight, sunset seeing them cooped. In October they are fed on buckwheat and hulled corn as a preparation for Thanksgiving, and later on with meal in water. One hundred turkeys will eat a bushel and a half of corn.

As we stood on a road attached to the farm, we heard a "chip! chip! chip!" uttered by one of the hands from behind a distant barn, and in an instant the whole flock of turkeys numbering several hundred were en route to supper, wobbling along with that ungainly motion, half-running, half-falling, their necks craned out, their heads seemingly too heavy for their necks. Following them up, we struck upon a picturesque sight. At the entrance to the barn, which had a background of golden-tinted trees on which the setting sun was casting a peachen bloom, stood two patient and meek-eyed oxen, the wagon to which they were attached being unloaded of its burden of saffron-bued corn. Standing in the middle of a flock of five hundred turkeys, a stalwart youth was engaged in flinging the golden grain in a vast semi-circle till it rained and hailed upon the backs of the eager and earnest birds. Not a head, not a tail, was to be seen, save on the outer edge of the flock, and the rush to secure a good place was—to say the least of it—very human. The gobble was of short duration, the turkeys very sensibly, the instant the last grain of corn had disappeared, moving slowly in the direction of the orchard—and forty winks. Hither we followed them in order to witness their scramble for an eligible bough—one that was neither too thick or too thin, too high or too low, too firm or too willowy. Two gobbles fought "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" for possession of the extreme left bough of the apple-tree in our illustration—now on the bough itself, now higher up, now lower down, their struggles bringing many a bird which had tucked itself in for the night to untimely grief. The smaller gobbler triumphed, causing his more portly rival to seek a roost upon some other tree.

It requires considerable technical skill and dexterity to kill a turkey marketably, as the struggles of the doomed one for dear life are simply frantic. The knife, double-bladed, is thrust into the throat, a cut is made on both sides of the neck, and the blood runs out, the head of the bird being held downwards. The turkey is then dipped or "scalded" three times in boiling water, when it is ready for picking, an operation that lasts about ten minutes. When picked, the bird is plumped. This operation, which serves to tighten the skin, is performed through the medium of alternate hot and cold water-baths. After plumping, which is usually done at night, the birds next morning are packed in boxes in straw and forwarded to market. It is an animated scene, as represented in our illustration, the killing, picking and plumping, out in the Indian Summer under the leafless trees. The turkey farmer usually treats with an agent, who comes round late in the Fall to examine the condition of the birds.

On account of the dearth of grasshoppers during the Summer, turkeys will be somewhat later, and possibly dearer, than last year. From nine to ten pounds is considered a good hen-turkey, while an eighteen-pound gobbler is reckoned a very fine table bird. Mr. Briggs has raised them up to forty pounds, but they don't pay at that weight, as the hens, if too large, inadvertently break their eggs in hatching. If a hen lays less than fifteen eggs it is called a "short litter." The eggs are then broken up, and in nine days she will lay again. The heaviest turkey ever sold in Fulton Market weighed forty-three pounds. Some idea of the demand for turkeys at Thanksgiving may be formed, when one firm in the market disposes of 25,000. This firm sends out a hundred tons of poultry during Thanksgiving week. The average price of turkey is from fifteen to twenty cents per pound, but as high as thirty-five cents have been paid when the birds were scarce.

Wild turkeys mix well with tame ones. The experiment of bringing the wild ones from the West has proved highly satisfactory. "If poultry is well cared it pays," said Mr. Briggs; "if it is not, it don't. High ground is what turkeys require, wet kills them. A wet season drenches them to death. I have great trouble when the young turkeys get the 'gapes,' a sort of worm in the throat. When they get it, they open their mouths and begin to snort. I can take the 'gapes' out with a hair looped, or a feather. The pouts are very subject to lice; when I find them this way I give them sulphur with their food. Ah," he added, with a sigh that carried conviction with it, "turkeys are very delicate birds to raise."

One of the sights of New York is Fulton or Washington Market on Thanksgiving eve. Every alley is choke full, every body must have a turkey, and every poultryer declares at the top of his lungs that he can produce the largest, the cheapest and the best. Impromptu stalls are erected, and over them blazes the lurid light of lamp and torch, a light that would send joy to Van Schendel's artistic heart.

Ballooning Spiders.

A WRITER, describing the ballooning habit, or flight, of spiders, says the spider seeks a high position, as the top of a fence post, as the point of ascent. The abdomen is elevated to as nearly a right angle with the thorax as may be; a pencil of threads issues from the spinnerets, the face being meanwhile turned to various points until it looks in the direction of the wind. The legs are then stretched upward, thus raising the body aloft, and the insect gradually assumes a position as if resisting some force from above. Suddenly the right claws are unloosed, the spider mounts with a sharp bound, and floats off, generally with the back downward, but sometimes with the position reversed. At first the abdomen seems to be in advance, but gradually the body is turned so that the head is in front. The pencil of threads is caught by the feet, and floats out in front. Upon these threads the spider will climb upwards as though to adjust the centre of gravity. Meanwhile a pencil of threads floats out behind, leaving the spider to ride in the angle of the two, or sometimes three pencils. The feet seem to be united by delicate filaments, which serve to increase the buoyancy of the balloon. The insect is carried forward by the wind, riding for long distances in an open space, and often high up upon ascending currents. Its anchorage appears at times to be within its own volition, by drawing in with the claws the forward pencil and

gathering it in a white roll within the mandibles; but most frequently the progress of the insect is stopped by some elevated object, or by the subsidence of the breeze.

Clubs for Men and Women.

THERE are two clubs in London to which men and women have equal right of membership. The Albermarle, in Piccadilly, is governed by a committee composed of equal numbers of both sexes, and the members, rather over 400, are maintained carefully in the same proportion. Lately a difficulty has arisen in the management. No smoking-room had been allotted to the ladies, so they were driven to carry their cigarettes into the gentlemen's room. To this, the gentlemen more than agreed, rather encouraging the invasion, as the rest of the house was so *bride* in its dignity. One day Mrs. Grundy came to know of these pleasant little evening meetings, and now on the walls of the corridors appears a notice informing ladies that they are forbidden to cross the threshold of the coveted apartment. The Russell Club, in Regent street, is proprietary, the members having no responsibility beyond their subscriptions, ladies paying half that of gentlemen. The apartments on the ground floor, reading-room, boudoir, drawing-room and dining-room are public rooms, used by ladies and gentlemen alike. Up-stairs are billiard and smoking-rooms, sacred to the stronger sex. Ladies here do not smoke at all, as their apartments resemble more the coffee and drawing-rooms of a large hotel.

A Royal Family in Danger.

THE whole royal family of Denmark had the other night a narrow escape from instantaneous death. The King, the Queen and the Princess Thyra had left their country residence of Bernsdorff Castle with the intention of driving into town to be present at the representation of a new national opera. The road from the castle crosses the railway line from Copenhagen to Elsinore, and there is therefore a gate, which is closed whenever a train is expected to pass; but on this night, by the neglect of the gatekeeper, the gate was left open, and the royal carriage went on its way, when suddenly a train turned the curve, and passed so close that the hind wheels of the carriage were actually touched by the buffers of the engine; while only the presence of mind of the driver of the carriage containing the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, which followed close after the royal carriage, saved its occupants from certain destruction, the train passing between the two carriages. The railway company instantly dismissed the gatekeeper, but at the request of the King, who thought that "the man had had such a lesson that he would be sure to be careful in future," he was reinstated in his situation.

A Rare Book Collection.

ONE of the most remarkable collections of books in England is that at Lambeth, the venerable palace of the primates of England. It is a very ancient library, and about 1610 a printed catalogue was made of it and presented to the several cathedral establishments, etc. During the troubles of Charles the First's time, Lambeth was sequestered by the Parliamentarians, and the library was conveyed for safety to Cambridge, where it remained till 1678. Since that period it has increased very considerably, and now numbers nearly 30,000 volumes, with some 2,000 manuscripts. There is a good deal of material relating to the American Episcopal Church, more especially during the archbishopric of Dr. Secker, who took a warm interest in it. The collection is by no means exclusively theological, but contains matter of great historic and secular interest—notably the Shrewsbury letters (manuscripts), with the accounts of the wearisome journeys and imprisonments of Mary Queen of Scots, while the manuscripts bequeathed by Archbishop Tenison give a wonderful insight into the state of religion in Europe from 1640 to 1702. Among the curiosities which have found a home here is the celebrated copy of the Koran which belonged to Tippoo Saib. It was acquired at the capture of Seringapatam, and given by the Marquis Wellesley, then Governor-General of India, to Archbishop Cornwallis. The edifice containing this interesting collection dates from the thirteenth century, but was rebuilt about 1660. It has a splendid roof of carved oak, decorated with the armorial bearings of the archbishops.

The Corsican Vendetta.

THERE are two sorts of vendetta—the direct (as the son avenging his father, or the brother his brother or sister), and the indirect or transversal, where the feud is kept up by distant relatives. So long as there remains one member of the two contending families the field is open to reprisal. One writer estimates that in thirty years 30,000 men were sacrificed to this barbarous custom; another places the murders between 1359 and 1713 at 300,000. A report to the council-general in 1852 stated that since 1821 nearly 5,000 assassinations had occurred in that island, and the situation was so serious that Prince Bonaparte was the only person in the island allowed by law to carry a gun. Toward the end of the second empire the prohibition was removed, and the vendetta broke out again with renewed force and barbarity, the murders being absolved and even encouraged by public opinion. If the man who falls leaves an orphan in the cradle, his wife or sister will keep for twenty years his blood-stained clothing, to nerve the orphan's arm. The most crushing reproach that can be offered to a Corsican is to have failed in his obligation. In the Middle Ages any one who backed out was fined, and it he remained contumacious for a week, banished. The number of men in a family gives it an importance greater than the amount of wealth. Recently a young man declined to marry a rich girl, preferring to marry a poorer one, who had "seventeen muskets in the family"—i. e., seventeen male relatives, who would be bound to defend the new member of the household in an emergency.

A Paris "Cabby" Vanquished.

ONE plucky traveler has faced the Paris cabmen and triumphed. He had hailed a cab at the Exhibition grounds and asked to be driven to his address, but had met with the refusal for which all travelers in Paris are always prepared, and had found a policeman to compel the cabman to admit him and his family into the *fiacre*. The party had no sooner got in than its driver started off, not in the direction of the gentleman's house, but of his

own, upon arriving at which he coolly unharnessed his horse and recommended his customers to find their way home as best they might. Although there were three ladies in the party and only one gentleman, the victims had the courage to keep their ground; and while they were still sitting in the unharnessed cab in a yard where it was left, they were insulted and attacked by a number of cabmen, who did not scruple to make use of their whips and harness in the dastardly conflict. Two of these ruffians were identified by the gentleman and taken before the court, where they invented an improbable story of their own to account for the facts with which they were confronted. The defense was unsuccessful, and the culprits received a sentence which neither they nor their friends and abettors will easily forget. One of them is to go to prison for a year, and another for six months.

An Improved Letter-box.

A USEFUL invention has recently been introduced by Mr. Thomas Ollis, engineer, in some of the pillar letter-boxes at Liverpool, that might be advantageously adopted here. The door of the pillar-box is made to shut with a spring, and in so shutting it moves a plate showing the hour of the last clearance. By this simple means, the public are at once enabled to ascertain whether the box has been cleared for a particular delivery, and the post-office have a check upon their men. If an outlying letter-box were left uncleared, as now sometimes happens, there would be a ready means of detection. The mechanism would be, of course, worse than useless if it were not thoroughly reliable, but we understand that it has been successfully at work in Liverpool for some months.

The Interior of Greenland.

MANY attempts have been made to penetrate into the interior of Greenland from the west coast, but, until this Summer, with little success. Three Danish gentlemen, Messrs. Jensen, Kornerup, and Groth, under the direction of the Commission for scientific exploration in the Danish colony, started to explore and survey the coast between Godthaab and Frederikshaab. Lieutenant Jensen took advantage of the opportunity to make an excursion into the interior over the ice. The aim was to reach several mountain-peaks rising out of the ice. The baggage was placed in three small sledges of the travelers' own, and the toilsome journey commenced on July 14th. After two days the loose snow accumulated on the surface of the ice to such an extent that the journey became very dangerous, while they continually sank in concealed crevasses and holes, saving themselves only by adopting the Alpine expedient of attaching themselves to each other with a rope. The surface of the ice was generally undulating, but there were also many ragged parts and chasms which rendered the journey a very difficult one. It was foggy nearly the whole time, and on July 23d a snow-storm came on. On the 24th the expedition reached the foot of the mountain referred to above. Then came on another storm which lasted for six days with continuous snow and fog; the travelers were snow-blind. The weather cleared on the 31st, when the ascent of the mountain might be undertaken with some prospect of success. The height was estimated at about 5,000 feet above sea level, and on the other side of the mountain, as far as the eye could reach, ice sheets and glaciers were seen, and not the smallest speck of land free from ice. After finishing their observations the expedition returned, and reached their starting point on August 5th, having been away for twenty-five days. The mountain referred to was forty-five miles from the coast.

The Hayden Geological Survey.

THE last season's result of the Hayden Geological Survey has been highly satisfactory. The field of operations covered the most interesting portion of the Rocky Mountains lying in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana Territories, out of which flow many streams of indispensable importance to the miner, the stock-raiser, the agriculturist and the tourist. The territory covered embraces the Yellowstone Park, in which the investigations of the explorer may be at all times most usefully prosecuted. Especial attention was given to this area, and the survey of it is now complete. This spot abounds in the most phenomenal wonders, the fame of which has spread to the uttermost ends of the earth. The examination of the whole district was thorough. Carefully detailed observations locating all the geysers, hot springs and mud volcanoes were recorded, and will be used in the preparation of charts. Numerous sketches and photographs were also made, and the temperature of each of the springs and measurements of their dimensions were accurately ascertained. It is calculated that the material and data collected will enable the survey to make a report and charts so accurately describing the park that any changes by vandalism or natural causes in the curious features hereafter may be readily detected. While this work was being performed by one branch of the expedition other divisions were engaged in an examination of adjacent districts. The party having charge of the primary triangulations covered an area during the season of about eighty thousand square miles. The height of over one hundred and fifty mountain peaks was determined. The highest of these are from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet above sea level. Fremont's Peak and Mount Washburn are among the very tallest. The expedition endured many hardships and met with many thrilling adventures. The crossing of the swift mountain streams in that region was often attended with extreme peril to both human and animal life. The animals were frequently led along the dangerous defiles. One mule, bearing a heavy pack, missed its footing and tumbled over a precipice 1,600 feet high. The men peered over the brink and saw a pile of bones and mule meat at the bottom, but no time was spent in efforts to recover the pack. Wild game abounded, and the men could sit by their camp-fires and shoot moose, elk, deer and bears. The grand cañon of the Yellowstone was explored by Professor Hayden, who had penetrated it once or twice before in former years. The gorge is 3,000 feet deep, the walls being almost perpendicular. It is so dark at the bottom of this awful chasm that stars are plainly visible in the sky at any hour in the day. The loneliness of the place is dreadful. Waterfalls are numerous. The four highest and grandest ones are called the Tower, Shoshone, and Upper and Lower Yellowstone falls. The lower fall has a plunge of nearly four hundred feet; the others average about one hundred feet. The average width of the river in the cañon is less than six hundred feet. The celebrated geysers were reexamined by Professor

Hayden, to ascertain whether the phenomena had developed any new features. "Old Faithful," the largest of the group, is still subject to hourly eruptions, the intervals of activity occurring as regularly as the ticks of a clock. When at work, "Old Faithful" projects a stream of boiling hot water two hundred feet in the air. The party camped for several days within sixty yards of this geyser, the mild temperature of the spot greatly mitigating the rigors of the weather, which was severely cold and tempestuous, snow having fallen to the depth of two feet in some localities.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Hostilities in the Khyber Pass.

After the repulse of the British Envoy at Ali Musjid, the Ameer of Cabul determined to punish the hill tribes for allowing the expedition to penetrate into the Khyber Pass, and with that intention dispatched a number of troops from Cabul against the Khyberes, and a desperate skirmish ensued, the result being that the Cabulese retired from the defile with considerable loss into the fortress of Ali Musjid.

A Reception by Sir Garnet Wolseley at Cyprus.

The High Commissioner for Her Majesty's Government in Cyprus, Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B., holds his official receptions in the Konak, the court-house of the late Turkish Governor, at Nicosia, the capital city. Upon the occasion of the Mohammedan festival at Bairam, which commences with the new moon after the Fast of Ramadan or Moslem Lent, Sir Garnet Wolseley, adopting the custom of his predecessors, received all the notables of the town and island. His Excellency, the High Commissioner, in blue undress uniform, sits on the sofa, his hands resting upon his sword; an interpreter stands at his left hand. The Turkish and other native visitors of the High Commissioner appear to the left hand. The Cadi, or Mussulman Judge, attired in a green robe and turban, is gravely making his bow to Sir Garnet Wolseley. Rifaat Pasha, in a dark blue military uniform, with a red fez on his head, sits in the chair behind, having another Turkish officer on his right hand, and on his left a Mohammedan grandee in a purple robe, with red fez and white turban. The chief of the Dervishes occupies a chair to the extreme left of the view. These visitors, seated around the stone-paved hall, partake of coffee, sweetmeats, and cigarettes handed to them by the Greek servants, and hold quiet converse with each other, or even, by the help of an interpreter, with the English official gentlemen.

The New Repetta Bridge over the Tiber.

The iron bridge over the Tiber at Repetta, Rome, is now completed. It was erected by the Italian Industrial Company, of Metalwork, under the direction of Engineer Cottrant. It is 100 metres long, and is divided into three sections, each of twenty-seven metres span, and rests on eight hollow iron columns filled with cement; each being 1.80 metres in diameter and rising sixteen metres above the water. The bridge is approached on either side by an inclined plane, supported by solid travertine walls, with stairs for foot-passengers, near the church of St. Rosco. Though ostensibly only a temporary structure, it is so solidly built that it can stand indefinitely. It cost 205,000 lire, and was erected at the expense of a private company.

Settlement of Descendants of the "Bounty" Mutineers.

Norfolk Island is now occupied by the descendants of the crew of the famous *Bounty*, who were landed and settled nearly one hundred years ago on Pitcairn Island, and who were all removed, with their goods and chattels, in 1856, under the Royal sanction, to this more extensive and picturesque spot. The missionary settlement established by the martyred Bishop Patten, and now under the direction of that "brave son of a brave father," Bishop John Selwyn, is about three miles distant from the old Pitcairners, on the other side of the island. It is as successful and flourishing as such an institution in such hands must needs be. The population now amounts to 395 souls, and they have established laws and regulations of their own, which are approved of by the Governor of New South Wales. They all have homesteads and cultivated farms, and are very jealous of admitting strangers to settle amongst them. The climate is so fine that all tropical productions are to be obtained. They have numbers of cattle and sheep. Companies are formed amongst them, and they have strong boats for whaling and fishing, in which occupations they are very successful. Their habits and customs are modest and unassuming. The services of the church are regularly held by them, and grace is most punctually said by them at every meal.

Khojak Pass, Afghanistan.

In previous issues we have presented views of the Bolan and Khyber Passes in Afghanistan, and with this we give a glimpse of the Khojak Pass, between the memorable cities of Quetta and Candahar. This defile is always quite easy of access and passage in spite of its narrowness. On the southern side the elevation has been recorded to be 7,000 feet; at the top of the Pass, 7,400; and at Charkah, on the northern end, 5,600. The pasture is abundant for three-fourths of the year. The next Pass on the way from India to Afghanistan by the road here partially shown is the Barghaua, eighteen miles from Melmandah. It is claimed that the southern frontier of country is most easily accessible to a British army marching from India, and that by the occupation of Candahar by Great Britain, Herat and Cabul would be equally threatened, and the English would be practically masters of all Western Afghanistan.

Athletics in a Native Indian Regiment at Bombay.

Here is depicted the weekly athletic meeting of the regiment. On the right are the European officers. Their necks are surrounded with garlands of flowers, which is the native custom on all occasions of *fiat* or display. One officer has just arrived, and a group of native officers are adorning him in this way. In the foreground are the wrestlers and other athletes, slight, active men, as a rule, with good muscular development. The other two sides of the square are formed by spectators. In the centre two Punjab wrestlers are going through the gestures which natives always indulge in preparatory to closing with each other.

Landing Ice in Bombay.

On several occasions the non-arrival at the regular season of ice ships at Bombay has been the occasion of a protracted ice famine, and the discomfort of such an emergency is hard to be imagined by any one unacquainted with Bombay, its heat, and the thirst for cooling beverages caused thereby. Our picture shows the action of the removal of a cargo of ice from one of the large vessels of the fleet of ice ships, first in native boats to the bunder, or landing-place, and thence in bullock-carts to the cooler regions of the ice-house. The sight of the large white blocks as they are carried up the steps by the coolies, who seem except in name in no way to partake of the nature of their burdens, is in itself refreshing to the eyes of the spectators, who gaze with eager eyes over the wall above, while the Indian sun overhead glares down with angry heat, as if annoyed at the intrusion of such Arctic products into his tropical domain.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—EVERY member of the Legislature elected in New Orleans was pledged to vote against the Moffett liquor register.

—FIMBOLD is one of the few Italian towns which have a right to create nobles. A title of count can be bought there for \$100.

—DALLAS, Texas, is puzzled by the disappearance in one night of a large pond that has for many years existed in the limits of that town.

—THE Russian General Staff has had printed several thousand copies of a new Afghan-Russian dictionary for the use of the Russian officers.

—EIGHTEEN clergymen died of yellow fever in Memphis. Ten of them belonged to the Catholic Church, and four were colored. Eighteen lawyers also died.

—THERE has been a great falling off in the yield of amber in the Baltic. Reaches of coast rented for \$500 have yielded amber to the amount of only \$100.

—OF the 907 students at Eton, one is a marquis, one an earl, one a viscount, two are counts (foreign), thirteen are lords, thirty-eight are honorables and three baronets.

—NORTH CAROLINA has for some years been shipping cotton-seed oil to Italy, in a clarified state, where it is used in place of the more expensive olive oil. It has of late begun shipping peanut-oil.

—THE Berlin police have lately found that at least one-tenth of the population of that city live in cellars. The mortality among them is great. Half of the houses of the city are excessively crowded.

—As the British frontier has advanced in Western Asia, so has the Russian frontier. The separation now is a country of about a breadth of 200 miles, with an average elevation of 10,000 feet, with passes of 12,000 to 13,000 feet.

—IN shipping parlance, "A1" means that a vessel is all right as to hull, rigging and equipments, the letter applying to the character or condition of the hull, and the figure denoting the efficient state of her anchors, cables, stores, etc.

—A SECOND cable is about to be laid down between Marseilles and Algiers, as a measure of prudence. The only one which connects those two cities have been in use for eight years, and the maximum duration of those submarine wires is considered to be twelve years.

—THE immense horns of South African cattle are made to twist spirally and in fanciful curves by being scraped on one side or the other while they are growing. Each owner can tell the oxen which belongs to his "span," in this way, by the acquired shape of their naturally regular horns.

—THE law in the canton of Zurich, Switzerland, which, until lately, confiscated the property of girls for the benefit of their brothers, has been amended. A newspaper there says that the male peasants consider themselves ruined because their sisters are now to share in the family inheritance.

—WIFE-BEATERS in England do not always escape. Lord Justice Thesiger, who has only recently been elevated to the bench, has expressed his intention of punishing all crimes of this sort severely, and by way of emphasis has sent one offender of this class to prison for twenty years, and he will doubtless serve his time.

—THE cooperative associations of Germany have made steady progress during the past year, notwithstanding the general stagnation in business. Their number has reached 3,300, with more than a million members, and the business transacted exceeds \$600,000,000. Their capital in stock, buildings, and other property and in cash resources is estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000.

—THE number of aeronautical ascents in France is increasing in a most remarkable manner, owing to the splendid working of the Giffard captive balloon. Every Thursday and Sunday two free balloons, inflated with pure hydrogen, have been sent up from the Cour des Tuileries during several weeks. The number is to be enlarged progressively, so that three, four, and at least five mounted balloons will be sent up.

—AUSTRIA, Spain, Egypt, China, Morocco, Portugal, Russia and England, with all her colonies, have presented the French Government with all the objects which have been exhibited by them in the ethnographical and pedagogical departments of the Exhibition. These invaluable collections will be exhibited in the Ethnographical and Pedagogical Museum, which the French Government intends to establish.

—THE existence of the true health plant in North America was for a long time considered very doubtful, and its detection in New England, some years ago, is a matter of much interest. The published localities hitherto are Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Massachusetts; but, according to the *Bulletin* of the Torrey Botanical Club, Dr. Hexamer, of Newcastle, lately found a few plants of it near Egg Harbor, N. J.

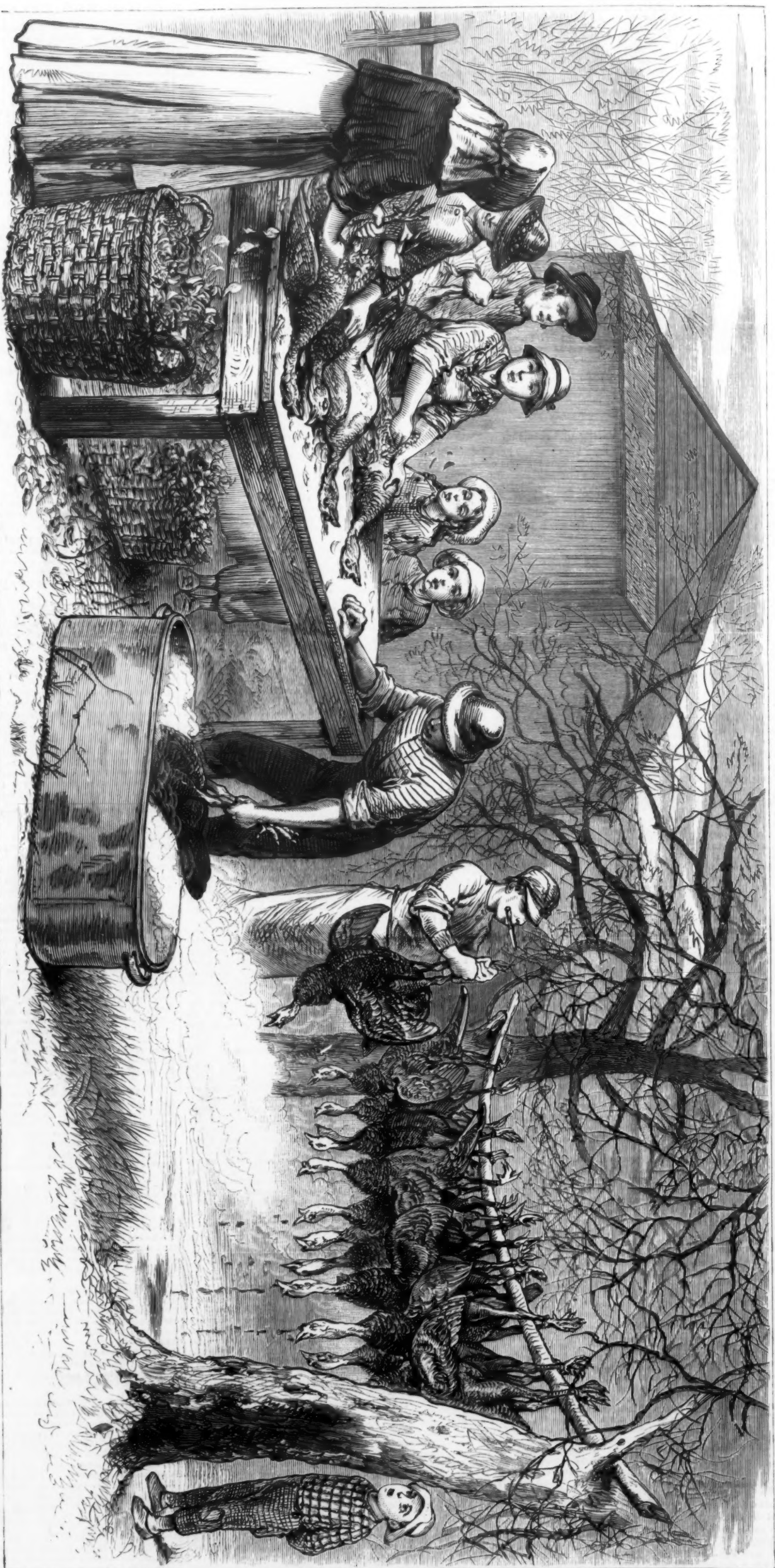
—THERE has been a great deal of confusion, not only as to the height, but the spelling of one of the best known of the volcanoes in Iceland, which is Hekla. Hekla is wrong, Hecla, in Icelandic, meaning hooded, in allusion to the snow or cloud which rests on its summit. The height of Hekla is 5,108 English feet, and it is not the highest volcano, though the most frequent in eruptions. Orafa Jokull is the loftiest of the volcanic chain, having a height of 6,426 feet.

—CARRIER pigeons, it would seem, are being turned to useful account in a new direction in Germany; the successful results attained by the establishment of communication between the two Eider lightships and the port of Tönning, in Schleswig, by these means has led to the organization of a similar arrangement between the light-vessel stationed off the island of Borkum, at the mouth of the Ems, and the island itself, whence any news brought by the pigeon, can at once be forwarded by telegraph to the mainland.

—THE total number of awards accorded to each nation at the Exhibition is given by the *Paris Libéré*; but of course the silver and bronze medals and honorable mentions argue quantity rather than quality. The best criterion of the latter, assuming that the judges have been fairly accurate, or that, internationally, their mistakes neutralize each other, is the number of grand prizes and gold medals. Of these France carried off 1,984; England and her colonies, 369; Austria-Hungary, 252; Belgium, 184; Spain, 167; Italy, 157; United States, 145; Russia, 123; Switzerland, 86; Holland, 70; Sweden and Norway, 70; the French colonies, 57; Denmark, 27; Greece, 12. As to the distinctions of all kinds, France, of course, stands first, with 13,569; Spain and her colonies coming next, with 2,500; England and her colonies third, with 2,455; and Austria fourth, with 1,770. The Spanish aggregate exceeds the English by reason of a large number of minor awards—viz.: 829 bronze medals and 964 honorable mentions, as compared with 770 and 647.



FEEDING THE TURKEYS WITH HOULED CORN AT THE BARN.



KILLING, SCALDING, PICKING AND PLUMPING TURKEYS FOR THE MARKET.

NEW YORK.—PREPARING FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER—SCENES ON A LARGE TURKEY FARM IN WASHINGTON HOLLOW, DUTCHESS COUNTY.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 214.



TURKEYS RUSHING TO THE BARN, IN RESPONSE TO THE CALL TO SUPPER.



TIED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
Your red knee that has so much to bear—
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight,
You do not prize the blessings overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And it, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow on your tired knee—
This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into the grave had tripped—
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At their precious darlings clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I!
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is—dead.

A SECRET MARRIAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,
AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES,"
"WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FIRST.

A PRINCESS OF TULLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

MARIE felt that his words gave her a new insight into her lover's nature. She gazed at him with burning eyes.

"François," she said, presently, "would you ever forgive a person who did you an injury?"

"I cannot tell. Why do you ask me?"

"Oh, nothing; only you spoke about that book with such horror. I am sure that if you loved a woman you would not have the heart to abandon her, even if she deceived you."

A dark shade immediately passed over his fair countenance, generally so bright and joyful.

"I hope I shall never be tried like the poor man in the book we were speaking about," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"But if she loved you? Supposing, for instance, if a woman loved you as I love you, and to insure your happiness, her love prompted her to hide something from you, don't you think you would forgive her?" There was sadness in her voice, her heart was heavy, and she felt ready to burst into tears.

"What nonsense you are talking, Marie!" he exclaimed, with a merry laugh that only made her heart the heavier. "As if I could ever love any other woman but you, or as if you could ever deceive me—you who are truth and sincerity itself! Do not let us speak of such subjects again."

He went on talking light-heartedly enough after this, but Marie was some time before she could recover her spirits. It was evident that she had a secret from him, a secret which weighed heavily on her mind, but of which she could not bring herself to speak.

For some days after this she was in that state of nervous excitement when our bodily perceptions become blunted, when all outward objects of sense are but as shadows beside the all-absorbing and torturing grief within.

Lord Rollingford's letter arrived at last. It was a long, thoughtfully written epistle, in which he began by entreating his son to forget what he was pleased to call "his passing fancy for the girl—that governess," and ended by positively forbidding him, unless he wished to quarrel with him for ever, to marry her. "I am sure your clear judgment, my son, will convince you, after calm reflection, of the unsuitability of such a match for you, the last descendant of our noble family." But can lovers ever reflect calmly? Frank, for one, could not. The letter, upon the whole, was, more or less, what he expected, yet it threw him into a rage. His father asked him to take counsel, like a dutiful son, from his ripe experience; Frank thought his experience so ripe that he called it rotten.

He showed this letter to Lady Laura, who was greatly impressed by it. Were not the sentiments which it expressed the same as those on which her soul had been reared—or starved? She agreed with Lord Rollingford, and yet what could she do? It was too late now; she had already promised to help the young lovers, and look with kind eyes upon their passion. She knew how wrong this passion was, but did she not herself love a man whom her family would highly have disapproved of as a husband for her?

"In spite of my father," Frank exclaimed, when she had read the letter through, "I shall marry Marie; I will not be put upon by him!"

"And would you quarrel with your father?"

"I love Marie."

"Ah, lovers cannot reason."

"You have promised to help me, Lady Laura. You must arrange that we shall be married at once."

"After this letter! How can I?"

"You knew as well as I what my father would say. It is too late now to turn aside. You must help me, if you still wish to remain my friend—for, with your consent or without it, I shall marry Marie."

"If you marry this girl, remember that your father will never speak to you again; he may even—his property not being entailed—disinherit you."

"I do not care; he may do his worst. I love Marie better than all the wealth the world can ever offer me; I am not going to give her up."

"But is there no way of retaining both? A secret marriage! No one need know anything about it until your father's death."

"That is a good idea, by Jove! Ah, Lady Laura, you are indeed my good angel. A secret marriage!"

She had suggested it herself, and yet the very next moment her proud nature shrank from what she earnestly believed the dishonor of a noble family.

"We can easily be married here. My father need never know anything about it. How can he ever learn what takes place in this lonely island? I dare say Mr. Mackenzie can marry us as well as any other clergyman. There will be no bridesmaids and no wedding-cake; but what does that matter? Marie and I will be one as much as if we had been married at St. George's, Hanover Square, before all the world, and our marriage had been published in all the newspapers."

"Do you really think such a thing possible?"

"Possible! Of course, Lady Laura. I will confide everything to you. You will not betray me!"

"Betray you? Never! But think well what you are going to do, before it is too late."

"I am of age, and can therefore do what I like; no one but myself can be responsible for my actions."

"If your father were to know?"

"He must not know."

"Impossible! Do you think my father would not tell him?"

"Lord Westra need not know either."

"But how?"

"As you yourself suggested—by a secret marriage. I am sure it is easy enough to get married in Scotland; any man, almost, could marry us."

"No; he must be an ordained clergyman, unless you go off to Gretna Green."

"I will go to the end of the world to marry my Marie."

"Mr. Mackenzie might object."

"I shall make it worth his while not to object."

"You would bribe a minister?"

"What nonsense you are talking, Lady Laura! In two words, let us be plain with one another. Will you be my friend or not?"

"Ah, Mr. Raymond, what can I do?"

"Keep my secret; that is all I ask of you."

"I will talk to Mr. Mackenzie, and ask his advice; he may have scruples."

"His scruples be hanged! I will soon convince him that it is to his interest to marry us. If not, I daresay one could get married at Kirkwall."

After a few more vain remonstrances, Lady Laura agreed to speak to the minister and arrange all about the wedding.

The idea of a secret marriage was not altogether displeasing to her Old World romantic ideas. How happy she would be, she thought, if she and her cousin could be secretly married on the morrow! But I have portrayed the character of Lady Laura Lonsdale very badly if you think that for one single moment she would have considered the world well lost for love. With her ideas and her education such a thing would have been well-nigh impossible; but if she could have retained her position in the world and at the same time have married the man she loved, even her strait-laced conscience would have risked any sacrifice. A strange mixture of love and pride was this young lady, brought up with such grand ambitious ideas in this remote island of the North.

A month ago she would have shuddered at the idea of a young nobleman, heir to immense estates, marrying secretly a poor governess, whose name was not enrolled in any book of heraldry; and yet she was now doing all in her power to facilitate this marriage, which would make of her meek French governess a future peeress of England.

"Incredible anomaly!" you will say, kind reader. Ah, well, I should have said so, too, had not experience taught me to look for every anomaly, every contradiction, in the heart that has newly passed from self-engrossing darkness into the dazzling, blinding light of love.

CHAPTER XIX.—MAN AND WIFE.

EVERYTHING went as smoothly as a marriage-bell, though no bells were rung at the marriage. Mr. Mackenzie had consented to perform the secret ceremony. He was a strait-laced Scotch parson, who would have shrunk with horror from doing anything wrong; yet, like most of the people in Westra, he lived under the impression that my Lady Laura was a superior being, whose thoughts and ways were not those of common humanity, nor to be judged by any ordinary standard. He had always known her cold and haughty, the very impersonation of nobility and virtue. He did not love her, I will not go so far as to say that, for the poor man could scarcely understand her reserved nature—but her opinions had ever been law to him. Lady Laura approved of this marriage; how could he offer any objections to it, particularly when the bridegroom was as rich as Frank Raymond, who could repay him amply for any personal inconvenience he might experience at any future time?

The marriage was to be celebrated in the drawing-room of Inganess Castle after the children had all gone to bed, and Lord Westra was to know nothing about it. To prevent the secret becoming known, only Lady Laura would be present. Alas, marriages in those days were only too easy in Scotland!

The great day came at last. Was there ever such a day as that? Did sun ever shine half so brightly, or sea ever look more blue and tranquil?

It is true that heavy thunder-clouds swept over the sky, and that the poor sun only made its appearance at long intervals, and that the sea was anything but tranquil, however blue. But then, what was all this to Frank? For him the heavens looked Marie, the sun shone Marie, the waters sang Marie—everything seemed Marie, and therefore beautiful and radiant. Did she not smile sweetly upon him when he greeted her in the morning, and did she not look more lovely than ever when he sat opposite to her at breakfast, lost in mute admiration of her?

And he was going to marry her—to-morrow they would be husband and wife. Many a time since his earliest youth he had sketched out an imaginary picture of his marriage. He had assisted at several, and was well acquainted with the usual events attending such a ceremony. But now that he was really going to be married, how different everything looked from what he had expected! The old castle was as dull and quiet as ever. Lady Laura, the one solitary bridesmaid, was as calm and self-possessed as usual—no thoughts of a white silk dress and blue sash and ribbons had troubled her mind. Marie, his lovely bride, spent her morning as usual, giving lessons in French and music to the children, and he himself sat alone in the deserted drawing-room. No friends anxious for his future happiness came to congratulate him. He was even obliged to refrain from speaking of the happy event to his own valet. Where was the eagerness, the excitement, the gay tumult of joy he had always dreamt of as the unavoidable bother of getting married? There was joy and excitement and eager looks enough in Marie's face, it is true, and that should have been enough for him. And yet he missed all these things—bothers though he had thought them—that morning; and do what he would, the whole thing seemed more a dream of his vivid imagination than a reality.

The day passed just as every other day passed in that solitary old castle, and the evening came at last.

Marie had been greatly agitated throughout the day. I fear the children did not learn much from her that day, though she sat with them the usual number of hours—a cruelty which Lady Laura had insisted upon to prevent suspicion.

"Children," she said, "are very quick, and would be the first to notice if anything unusual took place. I am very sorry, Marie, but remember you are only Mr. Raymond's bride to us; for the rest of the world you will have to be for a little time yet my sisters' governess."

"There was, perhaps, a little bit of pride in this. It flattered her vanity to think that the bride of such a great man as the Master of Rollingford should be her sisters' governess."

But the day was over at last; and as soon as the children had had their tea and she was free, Marie put on an old bonnet, and throwing a Shetland shawl over her shoulders (Lady Laura's marriage present—the only one she received, curiously enough), she rushed out of the castle, and wandered towards the sea.

It was in nowise a remarkable night; there was nothing particular to distinguish it from any other night in that unsettled climate. But how wonderfully still and calm it was!—how warm and sympathetic to her Southern nature! And yet it was but the calm that precedes a storm; the heat was too oppressive for such a northern latitude to be a messenger of good.

It was very dark; there was a moon—"our honeymoon" Frank had called it the night before—but thick thunder-clouds were passing over it, hiding it from sight.

Marie felt that the supreme moment of her life had come—the fatal turning-point of her existence; and that here, beneath the misty moon, in the solitude of earth, sea and sky, a battle against herself must be fought out, and either her past or her future destroyed for ever. She had suffered too long already the agony of indecision. "You should indulge in a good cry, Marie," Lady Laura had told her, "and then you will feel much better. It is quite the proper thing for brides to cry, you know." But she could not; the tears would not come, and yet her heart was full.

Not an hour ago little Lady Flora had shed bitter tears over a French verb; what would Marie not have given to have been able to weep with her! But no! "Tears are only for the innocent," she had said to herself; "they would not relieve me."

She loved Frank with all her heart, never for one moment did she doubt it; but this very love that she bore him made the idea of marrying him terrible to her—if he knew all! Ah, it was too late to speak now; she could not risk it at this the eleventh hour. She might have done so before, but now—she must either marry him and bury the secret for ever in her breast, or leave him and flee away from Inganess at once.

For a few moments this thought swept everything before it. "If I really love him better than myself, I ought to go away immediately, and never see him again."

The difficulties seemed nothing; she could easily hire a boat to take her to Kirkwall, and thence to Aberdeen, to London, to Paris—to that Paris she had once so loved! Its blue sky, glorious sunshine, theatres, operas, promenades, and all-absorbing excitements flashed across her memory, but it was not on all this that her thoughts rested.

"Paris! Ah, no; it is both for my good and for my happiness that I should remain here. Oh, why has this man come in my way? And I love him—I love him!" she cried, in a hollow voice; "I who believed myself incapable of loving any one again—I who had sworn never to love!"

She walked on towards the beach; close to her she heard the deep sea's hollow murmur. She stopped involuntarily to listen, and the noise of the waves sounded like a voice in the darkness. "Gold! gold! gold!" it seemed to say, as the white-crested breakers came rolling one over the other to dash upon the pebbles at her feet. "Gold! gold! gold!"

"He is rich and noble," she said, "and he will make me rich and noble, and happy, too. But no! it were wickedness in me to marry him."

Some of the clouds passed away from the moon, and the scene before her was suddenly illumined. She saw the dark, pitiless sea stretching out in

front of her. Once before she had stood close beside dark and troubled waters—then it was the Seine; it glided swiftly under her feet, and she stood a forsaken, forlorn creature, a castaway meditating suicide. Ah, the remembrance of that night was horrible to her!

She walked away from the sea, and directed her steps towards the fields near the castle.

"I cannot go back to France!" she cried; "I cannot—I cannot!"

The battle was over now—had she won it? Or lost it? She herself could not tell. Her past was lost to her now, like those waves of the sea, never more to return; and new thoughts glided through her mind, like the new waves that were ever rolling upon the sands low down beneath the cliffs upon which she stood. The moon was now high up in the heavens, and all seemed bright and fair. Had her good angel or her bad angel gained the victory? Alas, who could tell?

She turned her steps homewards; she had wandered a long way, and the hour for her marriage approached.

Frank met her in the courtyard of the castle; he had been looking everywhere for her. He put his arm round her waist and led her to the drawing-room. Oh, could he have led her instead into another world, away from the taunts of men, away from the tongues of women!

Even at that last moment she wavered—hope pauses with fluttering wings even at the door of paradise—but his arm was around her, she felt his warm honest heart beating against hers; his lips with all their pleading sweetness were close to hers. Many a higher-principled girl than Marie Gautier has become faithless to herself before seductions less potent. Ah, how often afterwards did she not recall with feelings of sad happiness that memorable night, when men, blinded by her charms, seduced by her forced smiles and acted joy, believed her to be the happiest and dearest, yet most worldly of women!

"You are cold, dearest; come at once into the drawing-room," he said, pressing her to him. "Mr. Mackenzie and Lady Laura await us. Come—come; you will soon be my own little wife."

"Ah, François, how I love you!" is all her tremulous lips could utter; her voice was changed, yet tender as ever, and she nestled closer to his side. It would have been necessary for a messenger from heaven to have told him what feelings had been exercising their influence over Marie a few moments before, and even then he would not have believed it.

They entered the drawing-room together, and there, in the presence of Lady Laura, he placed a wedding-ring on her taper finger, which looked as white and cold as if it had been carved in marble, and the solemn voice of Mr. Mackenzie pronounced them man and wife.

CHAPTER XX.—SHORT HAPPINESS AND ETERNAL MISERY.

I SHALL not dwell long on the days that followed this strange marriage. That they were happy ones who could question? Frank was every day more and more in love with his wife, and Marie had now banished from her mind all thoughts that were not of love and happiness.

Marie was by no means only a pretty girl; she possessed a vivid Southern imagination, a brilliant intellect, and a profound depth of character; at times even Frank himself was astonished to find how much she knew of the world, and what a perfect mistress of the arts of fascination this innocent young girl seemed to be. She was a coquette, too, in a way; and her smiles, her looks, her movements, possessed that peculiar charm which only a certain set of women can command, and which seemed inherent in her nature.

He never grew tired of her—indeed how could he? Was she not everything he had ever dreamt, even in the wildest flights of his fancy, that a wife should be? His life seemed to him like a dream; he could never have imagined that so much happiness could have been possible in this world, and at times he actually asked himself whether he really was awake. Ah, he already began to fear that so much happiness could not possibly last for ever, and that sooner or later the pleasant dream would pass away, and he would awaken to the sad realities of ordinary life.

But for some weeks no two lovers were so happy. The very fact that they were obliged to keep their feelings to themselves and talk to each other as mere acquaintances before strangers seemed only to add to their happiness. No one except Lady Laura and Mrs. Mackenzie knew of their marriage, and the precautions they were forced to observe only rendered the hours they were able to spend in each other's society doubly sweet.

But, surely, happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven, and two such handsome countenances, ever bright with smiles, ever glowing with innocent joy, acted as a double mirror, transmitting to every one around them the rays of a supreme and ever-shining happiness. Lady Laura, perhaps, was the one who enjoyed the most of this reflected happiness, for she was the only one in the castle who knew what caused it; but the children also seemed happier now, and at times would speak of Marie and Frank in such terms that their elder sister began to entertain fears of their perhaps guessing the real state of affairs.

"Whatever you do," she often said to them, "be careful of the children. Inganess is a very sharp boy, and if he were to learn that you are husband and wife, or even lovers, he would not be long in letting every one know of his discovery."

It pained poor Frank greatly that his beloved wife should have to devote so much of her time to the education of the children; but as it was necessary, to prevent suspicion, that she should still for a time act as governess, he was forced to consent to it. It seemed hard that his wife should have to give daily lessons in French and music to a pack of children; but Marie assured him that it was a pleasure to her, and that she really enjoyed her task, though it did take her away for so many hours every day from his side.

Things went on like this for nearly two months; at the end of that time Frank was forced to return to England. The Autumn had passed, and as the season for sport in the North was at an end, there

was no longer any excuse for his remaining at Westra; so, to prevent his father from suspecting anything, he followed Lady Laura's advice, and returned to his father's house in England for a few months.

Circumstances required this sacrifice, yet it is easy to imagine how much it cost him. Ah, how long and dreary that Winter seemed to him in England, so far away from his beloved wife, and knowing how unhappy she herself must necessarily be in that place without him! Many and many a time he was actually on the point of confessing all to his father, and begging him to allow him to bring his wife to Rollingford House; but his father's stern manner whenever he approached the subject prevented him.

"I thought you had forgotten that girl long ago, Frank," he would say, as soon as he began to speak about her; or, "If you go on raving like this about that French governess, I will write and ask my friend Westra to send her away; for I suppose it will not be in my power to prevent you from rushing off again to Inganess as soon as the Winter is over."

This was not very encouraging, certainly; and though he wished so much to confess all to his father, he had not the courage to do so, and he continued to keep his marriage a secret.

As soon as the Spring came he was off again, as his father had predicted, to Westra.

"If, instead of flirting with that French girl, Frank," said Lord Rollingford to him a few days before his departure, "you were to make love to Lady Laura Lonesdale, I should not be half so grieved at your prolonged visits to Westra."

"I fall in love with Lady Laura?"

"And why not? She is a handsome girl. I remember her quite well some years ago; she was very young then, but she already gave ample promise of developing into a charming woman, and a highly sensible one, too."

"Lady Laura is certainly a very nice girl, and I daresay some people would consider her uncommonly handsome."

"Then, zounds! why don't you go in for her? Do you know that ever so many people have asked me if it were true that you were engaged to her; for, of course, your prolonged visits to Inganess Castle cannot but excite suspicion amongst our friends."

Frank returned to the Orkneys early in April; it was still very cold there, and the shooting would not begin for four months yet; but he thought not of these things. Marie was there ready to receive him with open arms, and with her even Westra in bad weather was a paradise.

One of the first questions which Lady Laura asked him on his return was whether he had seen her cousin Jack lately.

"Jack? No—not since his marriage." This was the first she had heard of that event, and had it not been for her pride, which was immediately aroused, she would have fainted, the shock was so great.

The news came to her like a flash of lightning, which in one moment froze all the warm feelings of her heart. There is certainly no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow—when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and to be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope. The man in whom she had centred all her affections had proved unfaithful to her; he had deceived her—vilely deceived her; and she felt as if, after this, only death could be welcome to her—that there was nothing in the whole world worth living for.

"Married!—married!" she cried. "Oh, Raymond, you must be mistaken; it cannot be!"

Frank was greatly moved by her agitation. The whole truth then flashed upon him. Jack had deceived him, when he told him, that night at Girmigo, that his cousin knew all about his engagement to Miss Brown. He now remembered how he had doubted this at the time; and a pang of remorse shot through him when he thought that he might have spared a great deal of pain to Laura, whom he really loved now with all the affection he was able to spare from his all-absorbing passion for Marie, had he informed her at the time of her cousin's intended marriage.

"Oh, Laura, Laura!" he cried, "I thought you knew all about this."

But the proud Lady Laura shrank from him—any consolation which he could offer her seemed only to add insult to the injury she had received; for what person amongst us, in the first moments of a sharp agony, would ever feel that the man who has been the medium of inflicting it did not mean to hurt us, even if that man were our dearest friend?

"Ah, Raymond, that this should come from you!" was all she could say.

"Laura, Laura! I never knew you loved him so much."

"Speak not of him; never let me hear you mention his name again! And he has married another! Ah, my heart is broken!"

"Calm yourself—calm yourself! Shall I call Marie? She will be able to comfort you."

"I need no one to comfort me. I am not ashamed to say how much his treachery has cost me, for I loved him—ah! as few men were ever loved; yet I am not the sort of woman to die because one more man in the world has proved himself a villain. I shall get over it soon, I daresay; but I must be alone—alone. Ah, I shall be alone all my life now!"

And without saying another word she passed by Frank, cold, rigid, and white as a marble statue of despair, and shut herself up in her own room to weep in solitude.

(To be continued.)

Hard Work in Erecting a Lighthouse.

From Finisterre, the Land's End of France, a reef of rocks, of ill repute among mariners, stretches out seven miles into the sea. Wrecks were so frequent that the French Government caused a survey to be made, with a view to build a lighthouse, and Ar-men, one of the outermost rocks, about 50 feet long and 28 broad, was chosen as the site; but owing to violent currents and waters proverbially turbulent, it was very difficult and dangerous to land on the rock. The work was begun in 1867, in which year landing could be

effected seven times only, and in a total of eight hours' work fifteen holes were pierced. In 1869 there were sixteen landings, during eighteen hours' work forty holes were pierced, and the rock was leveled for the first courses of masonry. In 1869 the placing of the stones was commenced, while an experienced fisherman watched the sea and gave warning when a great wave was rushing in, and it was found at the end of the season that about eighty-four cubic feet of stone had been fixed. In 1877 the number of landings was greater than in any previous year, and the solid masonry was raised to more than thirty-nine feet above the highest tides, and it is now expected that the tower, which will rise forty feet above high water, will be completed by 1880.

The Influence of Trees on Health.

THE value of trees from a sanitary point of view in large and overcrowded cities can scarcely be over-estimated. Apart from the sense of relief and coolness which they impart, their value as purifiers of the atmosphere is almost incredible. It has been calculated that a good-sized elm, plane, or lime-tree, will produce seven million leaves, having a united area of two hundred thousand square feet. The influence of such a large surface in the absorption of deleterious gases and the exhalation of oxygen must therefore be of immense benefit in overcrowded and unhealthy districts. In London and all large cities there exist a great number of waste spots in which one or more trees could be planted to advantage in every way. In this respect, at all events, they manage things better in France, and indeed in most continental cities, where the Boulevards are kept cool in Summer and warm in Winter, owing to the influence which trees have in modifying temperature; in addition, they tend by absorption to purify the soil below as well as the atmosphere above them. A society for planting trees in the wide streets and waste places of the metropolis might accomplish as beneficial results as the excellent institution which supplies drinking fountains for the refreshment of man and beast.

Spread of the English Language.

TWENTY-SIX years ago an American or Englishman, in Paris, could scarcely find a Frenchman who could talk any language but his own; and travelers were equally restricted to one dialect. The Paris shops were sealed books in 1851-2 to English and Americans, and a *vale de place*, or "guide," that could talk English, was as rare as a silent monkey or a yellow crow. Now all is changed. A trip to Europe is cheaper than a journey to California. You can go to Rome and back to America for less than it will cost you to live at an American watering-place the same length of time. The Frenchman acquires English, not nearly so generally as the American does French, but the two get on together very well; and every day practice is making both more perfect. Every French shop, almost, and all the best hotels, have English attendants, and at the Exposition you are helped through by a number of good people who talk to you and for you. English is the quicksilver that simplifies the polyglot mixture, for while the man who knows English tries to master German and French, the two latter grapple English at the same time. English is a part of polite education in the best French and German schools. How will it be in twenty-two years, between now and the opening of the twentieth century? The spread of the English language is among the marvels of the present; other tongues stay in schools and sections, or grow in the soil where they took root, dying out, as in America, where they were transplanted more than a hundred years ago. But the English is the tongue that travels, and discovers, lights, converts and converts.

An Old Whaler's Idea of the North Pole.

CAPTAIN TRIPP, a well-known whaling captain, who has made several voyages to the Arctic Ocean, is a disbeliever in an open polar sea. His trip to the world of ice the present year has but confirmed his experiences in the past. No vessels have been able to get further than 63 degrees north this year, and all captains report heavy ice in the Arctic. In one of his voyages, while Captain Tripp was master of the bark *Arctic*, he reached as high as latitude 73 degrees. In 1870 Wrangel's Land was clear of ice, and in 1871 his ship was within a mile of the shore of that land upon which a human being has never stepped, so far as history tells us. With the aid of a splendid glass, he obtained a good view of the land, but he was unable to see any human habitations, or evidences thereof. Animal life was invisible save sea-birds, that flitted in mid-air along the shore. The earth was green, and entirely free from snow. From the ocean can be seen a coast range which resembles coast regions further south, extending as far as California. Shrubs were mainly visible, but Captain Tripp was unable to discover any large trees or forests. Wrangel's Land runs northwest, and, so far as known, extends indefinitely into regions never penetrated by the white man. The Indians inhabiting that portion of Alaska bordering on the North Pole have no traditions that any people have ever been seen on Wrangel's Land, though they state that deer of a variety unknown to Alaska have been found on Herald Island, in the heart of the Arctic, and from which the land named can be distinctly seen. It is supposed that the animals made their way across the ice from the mainland of Wrangel to the island. Neither canoes, clothing nor relics of any kind drifted from Wrangel's Land to Alaska, as an indication that another race of human beings existed in the unexplored regions of the Arctic. Still, it is believed by those sea captains who have taken close observations that the mysterious country alluded to is habitable. The fact that snow was unseen, that vegetation looked green and vigorous, and that mountains loomed up in the distance, as sheltering fortresses for the valleys, are so many proofs that humanity could find a foothold there. It seems that whaling captains have never attempted to land on Wrangel's Land, but it must be remembered that they visit the Arctic regions as business men, and not as explorers. Captain Tripp says that if the North Pole is ever to be discovered the discovery will be made from the Pacific side, as navigators can reach many degrees further north on the Pacific without suffering the least inconvenience from climatic rigors than on the Atlantic. At Kotzebue Sound, at the mouth of Buckland River, Captain Tripp saw land 700 feet high, beneath which a stratum of ice was distinctly visible. At Point Barron the land is only six feet above the ice, all beneath being a stratum of congealed water. How deep this stratum remains unknown, but it is certain that the earth has gradually formed itself on the ice. There is reason to believe that Wrangel's Land is of like formation, at least along the shore. It is impossible to say how far, as a substratum, the ice body extends inland.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Use of the Microphone.—A correspondent of *Nature* makes the interesting suggestion that the microphone might be used to detect if insects have any audible means of communicating with each other, and if so, what is its nature in different classes of insects.

The Secret of the Manufacture of that famous Brazilian poison, curare, has been discovered by Professor Jover, who bribed one of the Amazona Indians to confide it to him. The professor has reproduced the compound, and ascertained the physiological action of each ingredient.

Science in the French Senate.—M. Amédée Guillemin, the well-known author of works on popular astronomy, has been selected by the Liberal Republican Committee to stand as a candidate in the next elections for the French Senate. It is stated that a number of scientific men will contend for other vacant seats and all on the Republican side.

Lightning in a Telegraph Office.—The *Electrician* relates that during a recent thunder storm the lightning entered by the telegraph-wires into the office of the station at Witham, England, where it fused the metal of the galvanometer, passing out of the office with a loud cackling sound pursuing the wire for several miles to the next station at Braintree, where it also did much damage.

The Paris Academy of Arts has recently acquired an Egyptian papyrus which is particularly remarkable on account of its reputed age, which is estimated at over 4,000 years. It is perfectly preserved; its height is 8.30 metres, and its width 43 centimetres. It contains a description of the death and the burial-celebration of the mother of King Herod, from the first dynasty of Egyptian kings.

Practical Mechanics.—Under Professor Stuart's fostering care, mechanical science is obtaining a chance of introduction to University life at Cambridge. A workshop has been erected and stocked with tools and machines, so that instruction can now be given in the use of tools in metal and wood, and also various instruments can be manufactured. Elementary practical classes will be started this Autumn.

A New Chemical Laboratory.—The scientific facilities of Zurich are to be increased by the erection of a magnificent new chemical laboratory for Professor Victor Meyer. The cantonal government has granted an ample site and the sum of 600,000 francs, which amount will be increased by appropriations from the city. Professor Meyer, although but thirty years of age, is one of the most efficient and popular teachers of chemistry in Europe.

The North-East Passage.—News of Professor Nordenskiöld's Northeast Passage Expedition has reached Stockholm. It left the north coast of Norway on the 25th of July, reached Jagon Straits on the 30th, steamed on the 1st of August and arrived at the mouth of the Yenisei on the 6th. It was intended to start afresh on the 10th of August. The Kara Sea was free of ice. A little scattered drift-ice, near White Island, was the only ice met with during the whole voyage.

A Curious Experience with Carrier-pigeons.—Recently at Paris, a number of carrier pigeons were taken up in the captive balloon and set at liberty. They had been brought over from England, where they belonged, and had been lodged for a short time in a dovecote at Batignolles, Paris. Instead of crossing the Channel to return to their original home, all the birds returned to the temporary dovecote in Paris. It is thought that if any young ones had been awaiting them they would have returned to England, but not having any family ties, like the rest of the English, they preferred to remain in Paris.

An American Geologist in China.—Mr. Arnold Hague, the eminent American geologist, has been engaged by the Chinese Government to examine and report upon the mineral resources and mining industry of the Celestial Empire, and sailed from San Francisco on Thursday, the 15th of August, to enter upon his duties. He expects to take the field immediately upon arrival and continue active operations until about the 1st of December, when he will go into winter quarters. The excellent work performed by Mr. Hague, in connection with Mr. Clarence King's survey of the fortieth parallel, and more recently in Guatemala, is a guarantee of his fidelity and skill in this new undertaking.

Revival of Iron Manufacture in Belgium.—The annual report of the Société John Cockerill, of Seraing, shows that there has been a large accession of orders in its Bessemer steel department. The production for the past financial year amounted to 83,000 tons, as against 66,000 in 1876-77. The rolling-mills also turned out 57,000 tons of rails, as compared with 45,000 in the previous year. The net working profit has been 2,400,000 francs, the dividend being equal to fifty francs per share. The balance-sheet shows on the creditor side a total of 14,544,000 francs, and on the debtor 9,667,000 francs, leaving a balance to the good of 4,877,000 francs. This statement is eminently satisfactory.

Survey of New York.—The second annual report of the State Geographical and Topographical Survey of New York, in charge of Mr. James T. Gardner, gives an account of the labors of the commissioners during the year. The principal work of the year has been the precise determination by primary triangulation of points in eleven counties, embracing an area of about 3,000 square miles; 167 points were located in an area of 1,700 miles in seven counties alone; the average has been one to every ten square miles. Fifty-one monuments have been placed in defining the boundaries of counties, this being a very important part of the work of the survey. The report is accompanied by several maps showing the progress of the work and the position of the stations.

A New Single Fluid Battery.—Various attempts have from time to time been made to design a constant single-fluid battery, but hitherto the result has almost invariably been a failure. As an example of the kind, we may mention the valuable cell of Leclanché, in which a solution of sal-ammoniac is the excitant. A new arrangement invented by M. Pulvermacher, shown for the first time at the Paris Exhibition, has been highly commended by Count du Moncel. It consists of a porous jar surrounded by a silver thread. This thread is rolled to take a spiral form, and is used as the negative pole of the element. The exciting fluid placed in the unglazed jar percolates by capillary attraction through the innumerable pores, and makes the electric contact within the cell complete. Externally, the electric circuit is completed in the ordinary way. The positive pole is a rod of zinc, and the exciting liquid is dilute sulphuric acid, a solution of caustic potash, or a solution of sal-ammoniac. The small spirals of silver or platinum wire are far enough apart not to cause capillary attraction to take place between them, but the wire makes an infinite number of contacts with the liquid that oozes from the pores of the jar. It is upon all these contacts that the air exerts its oxidizing action and effects the depolarization of the cell. The top of the zinc is covered with caoutchouc in order to avoid accidental contacts which might short-circuit the battery. The porous cell is surrounded by a ring of hard rubber, so that the whole cell is carefully guarded against harm. The electro-motive force of the new element has been measured and found to be from 1.5 to 2 volts for a couple. It remains to be seen how far the expectations of its blue will be realized in practice.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON has been elected President of the Royal Academy.

MADMOISELLE NILSSON will rest in Paris for a month after her exertions with the Nilsson-Reeves troupe.

MR. EMERY SPEER, of the Ninth Georgia District, will be the youngest member of the Forty-sixth Congress.

EX-GOVERNOR HYLAND HALL, of Vermont, and his wife have just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding.

THE Sultan is said to have promised his eldest daughter in marriage to the son of Osman Pasha, the defender of Plevna.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY's health is so poor that he is unable to perform any mental labor, and cannot even answer his correspondents.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE has just entered upon his seventy-ninth year. He has quite recovered from his recent attack of erysipelas.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY is still a sufferer from his recent accident, and the physicians have forbidden his speaking in public for the present.

MARBLE busts of the late Senator Crittenden of Kentucky and of Chief-Justice Taney have been placed in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

A BRONZE bust of William Gilmore Simms, the South Carolina author, has just been paid for, and arrangements will soon be made to place it in position in Charleston.

THE German Empress, being favorable to a reconciliation with Rome, is reported to have sent a birthday congratulation to Dr. Förster, the deposed Archbishop of Breslau.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN celebrated lately, in Leipzig, the fiftieth anniversary of her musical career. A concert was given at which her husband's compositions only were performed.

THE German Emperor's physicians have recommended him to spend the Winter in Italy, but the Emperor appears determined to return to Berlin and to resume the government in its full scope.

THE Duc de Nemours is about to marry a Polish princess, Helena Sanguszko, a remarkably handsome and youthful looking woman, though she is 42. The announcement has provoked much comment.

THE death is announced of the German painter Nerly, who has been living in Italy since 1820. He was acquainted with Goethe and Byron, and is mentioned in the respective biographies of the two poets.

THE engagement is announced of T. W. Higginson, who recently moved from Newport to Cambridge, and Miss Thatcher, of Boston, author of "Sea Shore and Prairie" and a well-known magazine writer.

HON. JOHN A. BINGHAM, United States Minister to Japan, has sailed for home on a leave of absence. His departure was made necessary by the demise of Mrs. Frazier, eldest daughter of Mr. Bingham, and wife of Rev. S. R. Frazier of Pittsburgh, Pa., who died recently quite suddenly, leaving two little children.

WAN KEE, a Chinaman, has been elected an insurance broker by the San Francisco Board of Underwriters, whose license is required ere a company can pay commissions to the broker. At the same election several white men were rejected.

NEW firms have been obtained by Hormuzd Rassam for exploration throughout the whole of Mesopotamia and the hitherto untouched field of the north-eastern Syria. This is the region which once formed the seat of the Hittite Kingdom.

HON. HUGH WADDELL, father of Congressman Waddell, of North Carolina, died in Wilmington, recently, aged eighty years. He had served thirteen years in the State Legislature, and one term as President of the Senate. He was a classmate of President Polk and Bishop Green.

LADY ANN BLUNT, the granddaughter of Lord Byron, is about to publish a volume on a "Winter Residence among the Bedouin Arabs." She spent last Winter with her husband among the wandering Arabs of the Syrian desert, and they were admitted by their hosts to the privileges not only of hospitality, but of sworn brotherhood, honored as friends and protected by a royal escort.

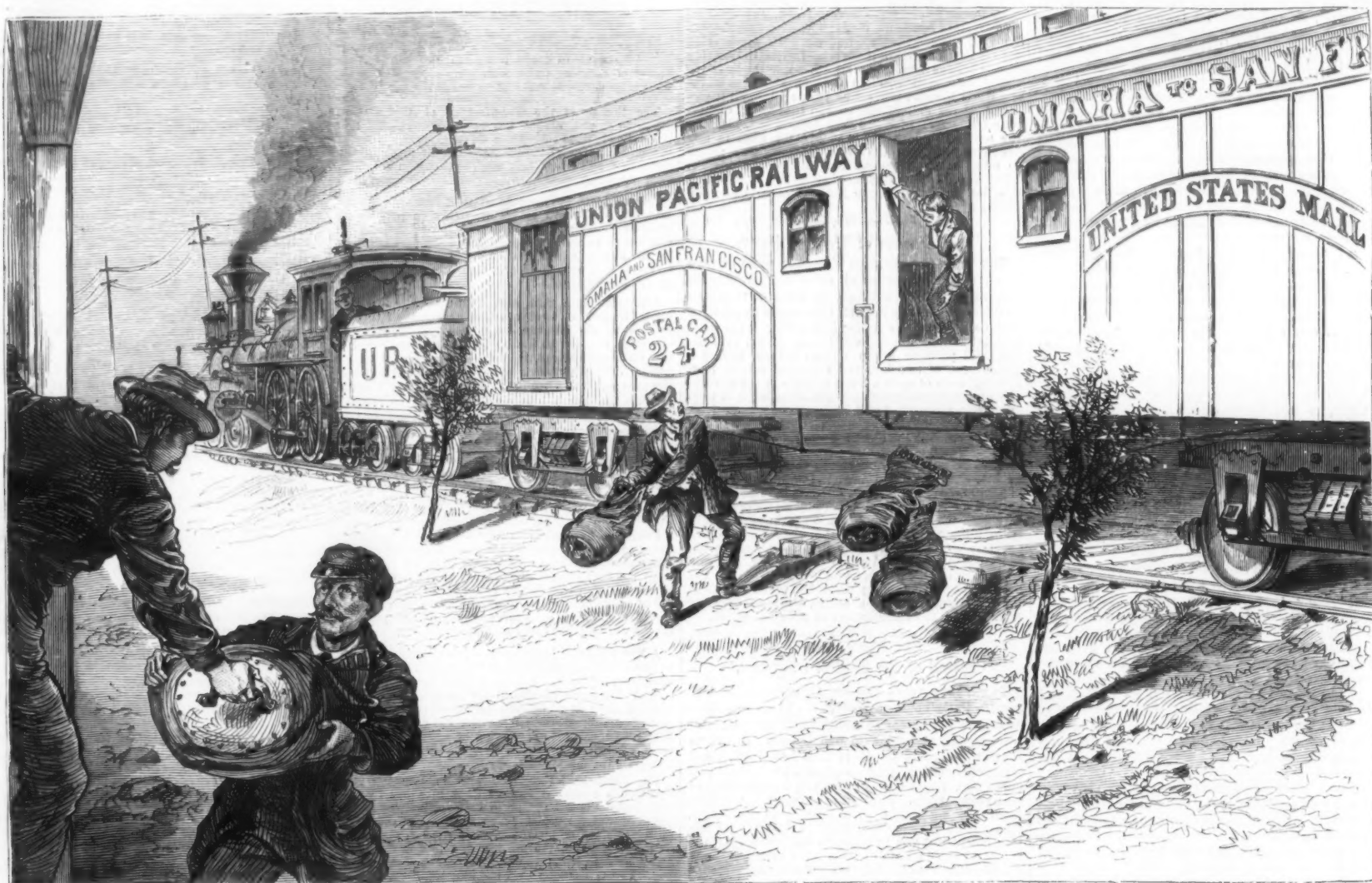
PRESIDENT BATH, of the University of North Carolina, has organized his class of political economy with a moot court, where he joins them in the discussions of such subjects as the "division of labor, the history and present status of our public debt, the history of banking in North Carolina, the difference between National and State banking, the coins in use among the people, their weight, fineness," etc., and many other points not discussed in the text books.

PRINCE HADJI ABDULLAH SINOR has arrived at Vienna on his way to London. He is *de jure* sovereign of Oude, from which kingdom he was banished in 1860, at the close of the campaign which resulted in merging that province into England's Indian empire. The object of his journey is to solicit permission from Queen Victoria to return to his native land. As a guarantee of his loyalty and future good behavior he offers to deposit \$150,000,000 in the Bank of England.

EARL GREY, whose political judgment is regarded with high respect, deprecates, in the *London Times*, a war with Afghanistan. He urges the right of every independent nation to refuse to receive an envoy, and points out that it was recognized in 1857 with England's assent. He does not deny that England's prestige will be damaged at this stage by her not resenting the rejection of the envoy, but thinks little of that in comparison with a war and its possible ultimate failure.

THE "eldest daughter of England," the crown princess of Germany, always employs an English lady to look after her Royal Highness's wardrobe. This lady has to travel to Paris, London and elsewhere for the purpose of choosing dresses, underclothing and all other articles for the princess's wear. When not moving from place to place her duties are to see that everything is in perfect order. Several gentlemen in succession have held this office, and the last three have ended by marrying counts.

THE death of William Wauid, the artist, reminds us of an event in his life. A short time after his return from Fort Sumter, where we had sent him as our special artist, he suddenly disappeared from our office in City Hall Square. For three days not a trace of him could be discovered. His wife was greatly afflicted at his mysterious absence. At length it transpired that he was safely caged in the police headquarters, having been arrested by order of Superintendent Kennedy. It appears that he had been recognized by some returned Union soldiers, who swore that he had acted as a soldier in the Confederate service, into which he had been impressed by General Beauregard. It required considerable efforts on our part to get him released.



NEBRASKA.—THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA—CHANGING MAILS ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY AT RIVERSIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER YEAGER.

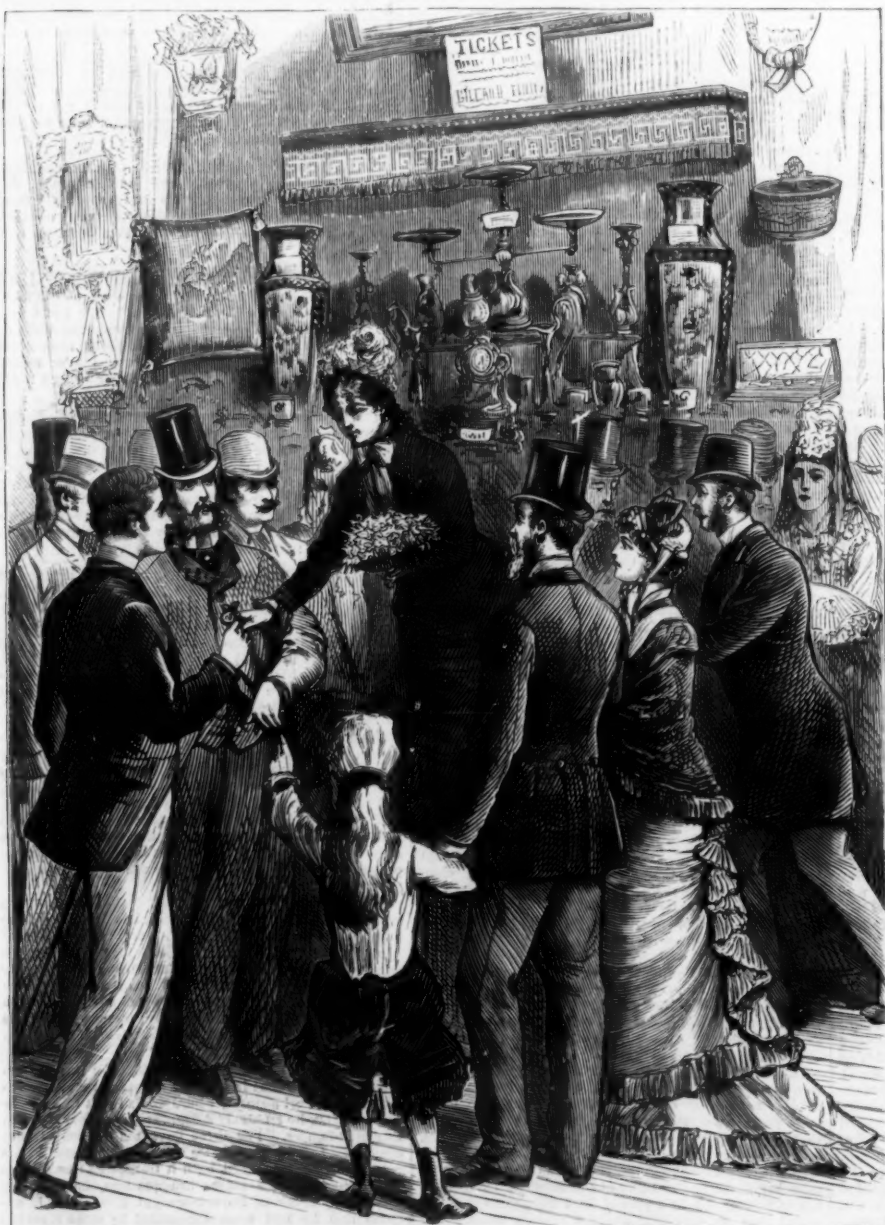
THE OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA. CHANGING MAILS AT RIVERSIDE, NEB.

ALTHOUGH unmarked as yet by a station, or, in fact, by any buildings of consequence, the little side-track, called Riverside, is a spot of some

note in the first day's journey west of Omaha. Only forty-one miles west of the Missouri, here are reached the very outskirts and borders of the great Plains; and here, as the train stops for a breathing-space, there rushes down upon us, westward bound, the long train of eastward-going

travelers, and the two locomotives pause to pay their respects, as one may fancy, to each other. Here takes place a grand transfer of mail-bags and their contents, the immigrants and tourists en route for the still further West seizing this chance to send back a budget of letters on the Eastern train, and vice versa; and there is a great deal of running to and fro, and swinging of long leathern bags from car to car, and much dett throwing and catching on the fly, as the engines part and the wheels and piston-rods take up their motion again. Countless little settlements and lone ranches for miles around send their supply of mail-matter to Riverside, to meet the trains passing in each direction; and so the small side-track has attained a degree of importance that will soon warrant its elevation to the dignity of a regular station.

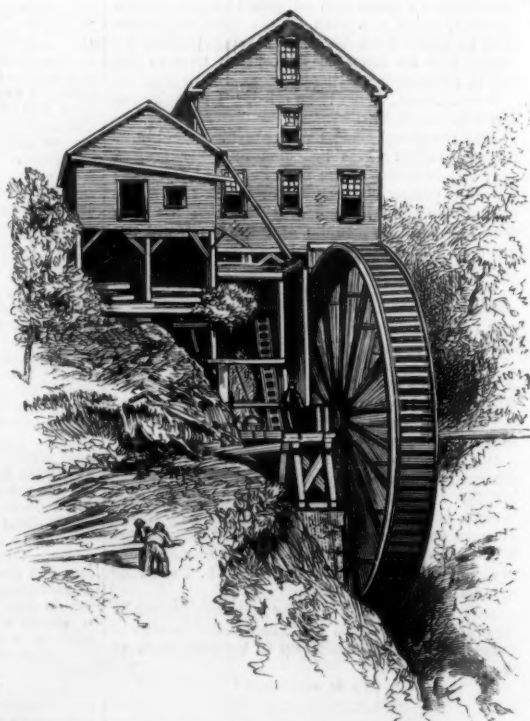
On St. Dominick's Table are many of the most costly gifts to the Fair, and belonging to it, though not upon it, is the Windsor wagon from the well-known house of Brewster & Co., of Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Streets and Fifth Avenue. The house of Brewster & Co. was established in 1812 by James Brewster, who took his son, James B. Brewster, the present proprietor, into partnership in 1838. In order to more fully promote the interests of the establishment the business in 1870 was incorporated, and many of the ablest workmen and heads of departments admitted as members of the company. The work of J. B. Brewster & Co. has never been excelled in this country, and many of their patents cover the most valuable improvements in carriage-building. Prominent among them is the demi-landau patent, by which in a minute the front and top can be removed and the carriage takes the place of the landaulet, equally serviceable for Summer or Winter use. The Windsor wagon is another of their valuable patents. By the use of the vertical steel plate in the axle, 250 per cent. greater stiffness to the axletree is attained. The cross-spring, instead of being over the axletree, runs from side-bar to side-bar, and thus hanging lower, prevents



NEW YORK CITY.—AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT CATHEDRAL FAIR—MINNIE HAUCK SELLING FLOWERS AT THE ST. AGNES TABLE.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL FAIR.

THE Tables of the Churches of St. Agnes and of St. Dominick, which we illustrate this week, have been among the most attractive and successful at the great Catholic Fair. Each was the fortunate recipient, from liberal friends, of valuable contributions for sale for the benefit of the Cathedral Fund, while at the table of St. Agnes, on Tuesday evening, November 12th, Miss Minnie Hauck, the renowned singer, appearing as a flower-girl, turned many a "pretty penny" into the coffers of the church. Among the most valuable of the gifts at the disposal of St. Agnes's ladies is the billiard-table presented by the eastern branch of the J. M. Brunswick & Balke Company, of 724 Broadway, which is one of the most superb ever manufactured. It is of the size in ordinary use. The frame and bed rest upon a central pillar and upon the heads of a group of four iron lions, each of which face a corner of the table, done in wrought iron, black as jet and richly gilded. The frame, which is much deeper than usual, is of solid hard wood, inlaid with colored veneers, exquisite in marqueterie. The table is provided with the unrivaled "Monarch" cushion, famous as the best ever invented, and recently adopted by the Billiard Congress of Massachusetts as the standard of the East. The cue-rack is of a corresponding degree of elegance, original in design, with a revolving disk, upon which the cues, a dozen in number, made of alternate splices of rose-wood and ash, rest. This billiard-table and its accessories, so chaste and rich, speak highly for the old and great manufacturing firm whose donation it is. St. Agnes's Table is adorned with a large oil-portrait of Bishop Spaulding, the first Bishop of Peoria, Ill.



GEORGIA.—IMMENSE WATER-WHEEL AT THE SPENCER MILLS, SOCIAL CIRCLE.

the swinging motion so common to ordinary road wagons. The Windsor is absolutely held to be the most superior of all wagons where speed is desired, and they are used exclusively by such well-known gentlemen as Robert Bonner, William H. Vanderbilt, William H. Harbeck, William Watson, and all who enjoy the luxury of the best wagon that can be

procured. These wagons, including tops, are built weighing 140 pounds, to carry one person, and weighing only 175 to carry two persons, or 400 pounds weight. As an evidence of the popularity and reputation of the work of Brewster & Co., it may be stated that their business is now nearly at the volume of the "flush" times of 1872. St. Dominick's table also displays elegant gifts from Stern Brothers, Mitchell, Vance & Co., Potter & Stymus, and Pustet, of Barclay Street.

IMMENSE FLOUR WHEEL AT SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA.

WE have had frequent occasion to speak of the remarkable advance in the industrial interests of the State of Georgia since the war. While the recuperation of the Southern States most devastated by the war has in general been quite phenomenal, in several it has been particularly noticeable, through the concessions made by State and local authorities to encourage Northern capital and manufacturers. Cotton mills, heretofore monopolized mainly by the East, now dot the fairest portions of Georgia and Alabama, while industries never before worked, are in profitable operation.

That the general condition of Georgia is all that we have frequently asserted it to be is proved by statistics just made public. To be sure, there is a decrease in the grand tax list of the State; last year the reported total was \$235,659,530, or \$10,194,920 less than in 1876; but this is explained by the shrinkage of values. In live stock, Georgia was \$970,606 richer in 1877 than in 1876; in farming and mechanical tools, \$438,851; and in bonds and stocks, \$1,454,062. Population has slightly increased, in spite of the steady drain of the Texas emigration fever; whereas in 1876 there were in the State 204,507 men who paid poll-tax, last year there were 207,815. The sum invested in cotton manufactories in 1877 was \$2,739,200; the school fund was \$150,225. The State tax was 50 cents on \$100, and the average county rate about the same. The colored people of the State returned taxable property reaching an aggregate value of \$5,430,844.

Every kind of industrial business appears to be conducted on the largest and most liberal scale. New buildings, new machinery, the best of material and the best of workmen characterize the operations of to-day. The latest instance of manufacturing innovations to which we call attention is the Spencer Flour Mills at Social Circle, in Walton County, in which over \$30,000 are invested. The magnitude of these works may be imagined when it is said that they have the largest wheel in the United States. It is forty-five feet in diameter, weighs sixteen tons, and is so nicely balanced that a single bucket of water will turn it.

In her domestic industries and manufactures Georgia is the most prosperous of the Southern States, and this condition is due to the liberality, good judgment and cordiality of its rulers and people.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI is a joyous, rollicking companionable gentleman, overflowing with animal spirits, good humor and song. To gaze in his handsome, jovial face is an antidote to melancholia; while his laugh would go far towards taking the chill off the "icy ribs of death." The



SIGNOR CAMPANINI AS "JOSÉ," IN THE OPERA OF "CARMEN."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

writer found him warbling a scena from "Roberto il Diavolo."

"I sang for three years," exclaimed the tenor, speaking in French, "in small parts, for practice sake, at Odessa. I was then nineteen years of age, and my first appearance as *prima tenore* was in the Lombardi, at Moldavia. I then made a professional tour of Russia. Leaving Russia I went to

Italy, and studied with the great master, Francesco Lamperte. After spending a year with him, I made my *début* at La Scala, at Milan, in 'Faust,' followed by *Gennaro* in 'Lucrezia Borgia.' It was in these operas that I made my first bow to New York and London. I was selected by the celebrated Angelo Mariani to create the rôle of 'Lohengrin' at Bologna. This was a supreme success.

After Bologna I went to Rome, and appeared in 'Le Juit' and 'Les Vepres Siciliennes.' After these successes, Mr. Mapleson engaged me in 1873 for London. I have sung at Parma early in my career, and later on at Madrid, Lisbon, and in all the chief cities in Italy and Russia. I sang at Vienna with Nilsson, Lucca and Faure, where 'L'Africaine' caused a *furor*.

"Do you like Wagner?"
"He is superb," gushed Campanini. "Grand, enormous! His music is difficult, but it is music."
"What is your favorite opera, signor?"
"The 'Huguenots,' and next to the 'Huguenots' 'Aida,' and next to 'Aida' 'Sonnambula.' Oh!" he added, kissing the joined tips of his little finger and thumb, instantly separating them and sending the kiss everywhere, "the rôle of *Elvino* is a *bon-bon*."

"What do you consider your greatest success?"
"Well, perhaps, 'Roy Blas.' I sang it for the first time at La Scala. My repertoire is a pretty extensive one. It includes the 'Huguenots,' 'Aida,' 'Lohengrin,' 'Tannhäuser,' 'Sonnambula,' 'Puritani,' 'Lucia,' 'Faust,' 'Romeo et Julietta,' 'Vasco di Gama,' and several others which I need not now mention."

"How do you like our climate?"
"Your climate is delightful," he said. "Per Bacco, after the terrible depression of the English climate to come here makes one feel like a bird escaped from a cage. Your sky is that of my beloved Italy."

"You like your rôle in 'Carmen'?"
"Now I do. At first—no. I feel at home in the military dress. Soldiering is not new to me. I was in the army of Garibaldi, and this scar," pointing to his cheek, "was received from a sabre at the battle of Capua. I was also wounded in the leg by a bayonet thrust."

"What is the highest note you take with ease?"
"The same as Tamberlik's *C sharp*!"
Of Signor Campanini's superb performance in the rôle of José in "Carmen," it is not necessary here to make more than passing mention. He brings an amount of dramatic realism to the part that causes the listener to crouch with him in that final scene when he offers the fickle-hearted gypsy a last chance ere it comes to *guerra al cuchillo*. His *Elvino* in "Sonnambula" is also a masterpiece of finished acting as well as vocalism.

THE FIRE DRILL IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

IN response to an invitation extended by Commodore Nicholson, commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, two hundred members of the Chamber of Commerce of New York paid a visit of inspection to that naval station on Wednesday, November 13th. The visitors were first taken through the vast storehouses, whose contents are as varied as those of a country store. They examined with apparent interest the process of coffee-roasting and grinding and the operations of a six-stamp mill in which spices are ground. After partaking of a lunch in the commandant's quarters, the party visited sail-lots, rope-walks, ordnance-stores, machine-shops, engine-rooms, the fire-room, where the Salisbury experiments with petroleum as a fuel are being conducted, and many other points of interest. As they were on a pier and about to be ferried over to the Cob Dock, the fire-bell rang out an alarm, the fire-gun boomed over the water from the *Colorado*,



NEW YORK.—INSPECTION OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD BY THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, NOV. 13TH.—THE FIRE DRILL OF THE EMPLOYÉS AND MARINES.

and before the astonished visitors could inquire where the fire was, two steam fire-engines, half a dozen hose-carriages, a hook-and-ladder company, a squad of marines on the double-quick, with fixed bayonets, and half the employees of the yard came charging down upon them. Amid a general scattering, many lines of hose were unrolled, guards were posted, the engines got to work, and in three minutes four streams of water were playing upon the roof of one of the great ship-houses, and men were scaling its walls with axes in their hands. It was only the regular fire-drill, and after recovering from their first alarm, the visitors watched it with interest, and were much gratified at observing the promptness with which the men worked. Captain Gherardi, of the receiving-ship *Colorado*, escorted the visitors to Sailors' Hall—which we have in a previous issue illustrated—where they appeared much interested in the neat library and reading-room, and the arrangements for the concerts and theatrical performances which are usually given during the winter season. The trip was entirely an informal one, no speech-making being indulged in, although the visitors were profuse in expressions of satisfaction with the fire-drill, and of pleasure for Commodore Nicholson's reception and courtesy.

A Pretty Story of General Garibaldi.

A PRETTY story is told of General Garibaldi apropos of his taste for letter-writing. Some years ago a poor man came to Caprea with the intention of settling down there, so as to be near his hero while gaining a livelihood. He asked Garibaldi's advice as to what he should do, as he was somewhat too old for agriculture. The General reflected for a few minutes, then said: "The paper and ink sold on the island are detestable; import from Livorno some smooth paper, some good ink, and some fine pens." The man followed the advice, and though no one on the island bought his merchandise except Garibaldi, he got enough by that to live on. Soon after, Victor Hugo got to hear of the affair, and ordered his writing materials of the same man, who is said to be now in exceedingly prosperous circumstances. Garibaldi's epistolary inclinations have, therefore, their good side.

Debts of France and England.

THE national debts of France and England are now not far apart in amount, that of France being a little the larger. The French debt is held by 4,380,900 persons, being an average of about \$855 to each holder! England's debt, on the other hand, by the latest returns, is held by about 300,000 persons, being an average of about \$12,500 to each holder. In France, the masses of the people seem to be the bondholders; in England, the capitalists instead. In France there are about 7,500,000 land-owners, of whom some 5,000,000 have little plots of about six acres, as an average. In England the number of land owners is put down at 1,173,000. In France one person in five is a land-owner; in England, one in thirty. In England, however, 850,000 of these owners have in the aggregate but 138,000 acres, being an average of a trifle more than one-fifth of an acre each.

Population of China.

A NATIVE and highly intelligent Chinaman, writing letters from the Celestial Empire to the California journals, is giving no little fresh information and correcting a number of erroneous opinions about that country. Its population, instead of being 450,000,000 to 500,000,000, as generally reported, is not more than 100,000,000 to 120,000,000. It has reached the limit of agricultural development, and the people and their prosperity have been decreasing steadily for over 125 years. Unless improved machinery be introduced from the Western World, the Chinese will not be able to support themselves, since they are now as poor as they can be, and can barely keep body and soul together. The wealth of the empire is in the hands of a few, and there is no danger, with a diminishing population and increasing wages at home, of a great immigration to the United States, as is feared on the Pacific Slope. But the Celestial says frankly that his people are not fairly dealt with here, and that, if they are much worse treated than they have been, China may provide herself with modern instruments of war, and punish us as he thinks we deserve. This is a new peril. We doubt if the most nervous and apprehensive American has ever thought before of what might happen to him should the Flowery Kingdom be thoroughly aroused against the insouciant Yankee nation.

Story of a Vagrant Painter.

A LONDON paper says: "Many instances of the large sums realized by chance purchases of old paintings have been given; but none can well be more curious than the following well-authenticated case which has been supplied by the surviving parties to it. In 1853, a well-known picture-restorer, who was at that time engaged in cleaning the paintings at Guildhall, was proceeding down the London Road towards Blackfriars Bridge, when he noticed a workingman, with his wife and child, walking by the side of a van in which goods were being removed. The man was carelessly carrying under his arm a small, dirty-looking painting. The practiced eye of the picture-restorer, detecting something genuine about the picture, asked the man what he would take for it, to which he replied, 'Half-a-crown'; but, his wife interposing, the price was raised to five shillings, at which sum the bargain was struck, and the party, including the driver of the van, adjourned to a neighboring public-house, where the money was duly paid down, the purchaser 'standing' a pot of beer. The picture, on being cleaned, proved to be a genuine Teniers; the subject a village with figure and landscape, at the corner of which was inscribed, 'David Teniers, Junr., fecit 1866.' The picture, which was 16 by 13 inches, was soon afterwards sold to Mr. H. Good for £165."

How the King of the Utes Lives.

CONSIDERABLE interest has of late been aroused in the Ute Indians, in Colorado, and a few facts about their head chief, Ouray, who is an exceptional Indian, and his manner of life will be interesting. Ouray has had built for him at his place, about ten miles from the Los Pinos agency, on the Uncompahgre River, by the Government, an adobe house, thirty by forty, finished in good style, with American furniture and carpets. He has a farm of

three hundred acres inclosed, and over sixty acres under cultivation, in hay, vegetables and grain. The work is done by Indians and Mexican retainers. His wife takes an active interest in the farm-work and does her full share of the out-door labor. He has a herd of 200 horses and mules, some of them being very fine animals; in addition to the horse stock, he has some cattle and several bands of sheep and goats. His buildings are quite extensive, consisting of a large store-house, four dwellings, stables, corrals, granaries, etc. He has a fine family carriage, one of the best that could be purchased, a present from Governor Edward McCook, which, with a stylish team and Mexican driver, makes a conspicuous turn-out. The farm operations and business enterprises of Ouray have been very successful, and prove him to be a shrewd, competent business man. It is the opinion of all who know anything about him, that he desires to adopt entirely the habits and life of the whites, and cut loose from Indian customs, but the innate love of power and prominence makes him cling to his leadership or chieftainship with a tenacious grasp. During the council it was observed by General Hatch that Ouray was a born leader, and exhibited diplomatic talents of a high order in managing his unruly subjects and dealing with every point and question advanced by the Commission. His age is about forty-five, and he has but one wife and child.

FUN.

HOLLER-EYE—Election night.

A DEALER in teas—the tormentor.

DID you ever see an Indian Pawnee overcoat.

THE route to the coal bin is a hard road to travel.

THE letter D is truly an old salt—been following the C for years.

IS NOT a detective in the United States Coinage Bureau a mint's spy?

NEVER stop a man from jumping overboard. He's only going into his souse.

THE only thing frank about some Congressmen is their signature on a dead-head letter.

A NUPTIAL TIE.—When husband and wife have both married for money, and neither has got any.

WHEN the British begin to make the Afghans smoke, some cruel paragraphist will arise and say the whole war is a Ameer-sham.

FARMERS in the vicinity of the lakes where ducks do congregate are having their cattle measured for sheet-iron blankets, to ward of the shot of hunters. Some are driving their cattle to the woods until the season is over, while others who have tough old steers, let them graze around the lakes, and pick the shot out of their hides and sell them again.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—(This is the second time that Madge has pricked her finger. The first time it bled so much that mamma felt quite faint, and had to bring a glass of sherry. Now it's Jack's turn.)—Mamma: "Well, what's the matter with you, Jack?" Jack: "Oh! I feel rather faint, that's all. Is there such a thing as a bun in the house?"

"HABIT" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

A GENTLEMAN in a black coat calls to him his friend, and says: "Come with me while I change my black cravat for a white one for the ball. You will see how it will change me." The change is made. The friend examines his friend with attention. "That's so. Before one would have sent you on an errand; now one would say, 'Waiter, some coffee!'"

MADAME X—meeting one of her old boarding-school friends who has just been married: "Well," says she, "are you happy? Do you get along well together?" "Happy, yes, without doubt; but we squabble a great deal." "Already! and about what?" "Paul pretends always that it is he who cares the most for me, and I'm very sure that it's I!"

A NEWLY engaged cook comes to her mistress to ask how to cook each dish ordered for breakfast. The same game at dinner-time. "How do you make this? How long ought you to cook that?" etc. Naturally they send her off on the morrow. Then the *cordon bleu*, in a supercilious tone: "If I'd known that madam didn't know how to cook, I'd never have accepted an engagement with her."

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.—Father of Adored One: "Then it comes to this, sir; you have no fortune, you have lost your appointment, you have no prospect of another, and you come to ask me for my daughter's hand—and fortune?" Not such a Fool: "No! Suppose we put it this way: I am embarrassed by wealth, am free from the cares of business, and my future is irradiated by hope; therefore this is the crisis when I can best devote myself to your daughter, and enjoy that affluence with which you will crown our love."

A SOMEWHAT infrequent church-goer attended divine service, one day last week, and, we regret to say, owing, doubtless, to his unfamiliarity with the place, began to fall asleep. Just as he was dozing off, however, and had completely forgotten where he was, there struck upon his drowsy senses the words, "There was little Benjamin their ruler." That "fetched" him, to use an Americanism, and he had got up, and was about to give three cheers for Lord Beaconsfield, when the horrified gaze of those around restored him to himself. He slept no more during the remainder of the service.

A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

"It is useless to take medicine. I shall feel better to-morrow. Besides, I need the money to get that lovely new hat. My old one is such a fright, and people will look more at my bonnet than they will at my face. I will wait till I feel worse before I spend any money for medicine." The new bonnet is purchased and fifty other feminine necessities in the form of ribbons, laces, brooches, etc. Meanwhile the lady's face becomes every day paler and thinner, and her body weaker, until disease has gained so firm a foothold in her system, that the most thorough, and oftentimes a long and tedious, course of treatment is necessary to restore her to health. Ladies, attend to your health before you even think of apparel. A fresh, blooming face in a plain bonnet is much handsomer and far more attractive to your gentlemen friends, than a pale, worn, diseased face in the most elaborate and elegant hat your milliner could devise. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

NOT a dark room in the St. Nicholas Hotel, of this city, all light, large and cheerful. In construction it is perfect. Its table and attendance generally are not surpassed by any in the world.

THE NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD LINE (known as the Bound Brook Railroad) has become very popular with the traveling public, and deservedly so, because it makes quick time, has comfortable cars and smooth railroad bed; in fact, it has not its superior as a well-managed and well-equipped road. To Hon. E. C. Knight, President of the Bound Brook Railroad, who has been indefatigable in making it one of the leading railroads of our country, is due its success. We cannot omit to mention Hon. Mr. Comly, President of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, who has ably seconded Mr. Knight in bringing the road to its present successful issue. The passenger travel, under charge in Philadelphia of W. A. Andrews, is increasing all the time, and as to the freight business, it is second to that of no other road. To Mr. Charles M. Hurley, freight agent of the New York and Philadelphia New Line, whose large business acquaintance and thorough work has materially aided the road and brought it to its present flourishing condition. Mr. Hurley has been known to our business community as one of its prominent business men, and his energy has done much towards building up a fine transportation trade on the new route, ably seconded by Ellis Clark, Esq., General Agent of the North Pennsylvania Railroad. This new enterprise is a success from the start, and reflects credit upon all concerned.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—Sir: I owe much to the Health Food Co.'s preparations. For one year I have used them daily, and they have lifted me from terrible pain and misery to comfortable health. So long as I use them I have no dyspepsia; how I could live without them I do not know.

J. M. Young, 210 W. 14th St., N. Y.

THE MODEL PRINTING PRESS, manufactured by J. W. Daughaday & Co., of Philadelphia, was awarded a prize medal, recently, at the Paris Exposition by the unanimous consent of the judges. The points of excellence upon which the prize was granted are too numerous to be set forth in our limited space, and we can only refer our readers to the advertisement of this favorite press in another column.

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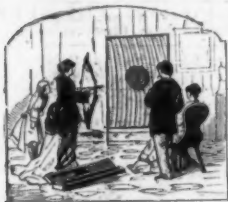
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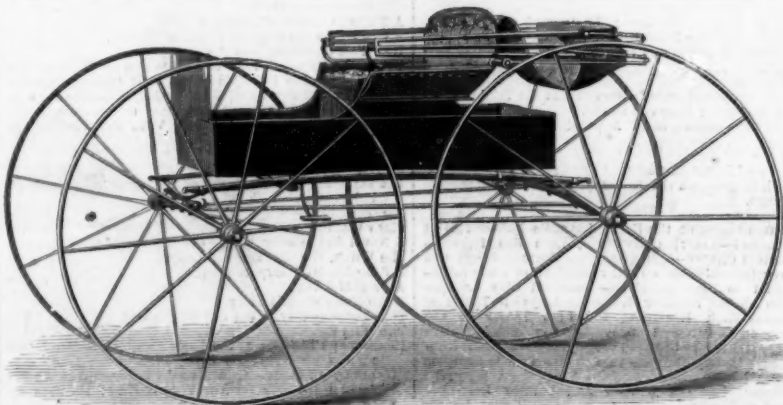


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